

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The French Lien on Mexico.

It seems to be generally conceded that the visit of the so-called Empress of Mexico to France has failed of its object, and that the French Emperor has refused to advance any more men or money, even when the alternative is the abdication of his puppet, Maximilian. Our latest advices from Europe, however, are to the effect that Louis Napoleon, anticipating the speedy withdrawal of his Austrian protégé, on the 30th of July, compelled the latter to enter into a convention transferring to French agents one-half of the customs receipts of Mexico, for the purpose of paying the liabilities of Mexico to France. In other words, the Emperor intends to make Mexico, after the attempt to subjugate her has failed, pay the cost of the attempt. If, before the invasion, the republic found it impossible to meet its obligations—this impossibility being made one of the pretexts of the invasion—how can she be expected to meet them while France grasps one-half of her revenue? It is idle to talk of the "withdrawal of the French" or the "close of French occupancy," while French agents sit in every port, at the receipt of customs!

The deficit in the Mexican revenues under the "Empire," for 1865, was nineteen million dollars; and now the restored republic, with one-half of its receipts cut off by this compact between Louis Napoleon and Maximilian, will be blamed and denounced as faithless and dishonest, if it does not pay promptly every dollar it owes. The interest on the loans made to Max, and thus foisted off on the people who had no share in contracting them, will amount to about ten million dollars annually, or about one-half the total revenues of the country!

This will be a pleasant reminder of the philanthropists who were going to "regenerate Latin America," and carry to Mexico the "elements of civilization!"

Ridicule.

RIDICULE is a potent weapon of attack; satire is only a little less potent. Both are legitimate arms in the hands of the political combatants. But those who take them up must know when

and how to use them. An epithet may be applied to a body of men or a party, which may have the effect of damaging it; but it must be because of some aptness, because it has truth of characterization. If it has not these qualities it becomes simply blackguard, and its use only abusive.

Perhaps the *World*, in reporting the proceedings of Congress last winter, imagined itself witty—or severe—when it headed its report "THE RUMP CONGRESS." But it only made itself undignified and offensive, and did Congress no damage, because it was not a

"Rump" Congress, and there was no aptness in the characterization. It betrayed, rather, a consciousness of impotence, something like that of the boy who, if he could not "wollop" his opponent, could at least draw faces at his sister.

The *Herald*, in years past, was sometimes very successful in applying nick-names and epithets of ridicule. They were favorite missiles in its war magazine, and were launched with frequent great effect against men and parties to which it was opposed. But the quick appreciation of their aptitude, and sharp

discrimination in applying them, are no longer discernible in the conduct of that journal. Instead of being apt, crisp, and charged with ridicule, they are now simply stupid, coarse, vulgar, and often disgusting. To call the Convention of Southern Loyalists that met in Philadelphia, "A Nigger Convention," the delegation from it now visiting the North, and made up of men who have been tried in the very furnace of civil war, and come out of it with the loftiest claims to our admiration and respect, a company of "Traveling Miscegens," a "Menagerie," etc., or to characterize the welcomes which these true men meet as "Powwows," evince a barrenness of resources, a conscious impotence, and a grossness, which contrast strongly with its former profuseness of illustration, audacity, and pertinence.

There are two modes of warfare characteristic of those who adopt them. A journal amenable to the influences and civilization of this century will handle the rapier, instead of the broom of the sweep; it will use language with some regard to its value, and never mistake grossness for strength, or abuse for argument.

MME. RISTORI.

On our front page this week, we give a magnificent head of this great artist, whose coming to our shores has been one of the assured sensations of the time, and whose first appearances at the Theatre Français are supplying the critical world with so fruitful a theme of commendation. Our present picture is from the photography of Brady; and we shall follow it, probably next week, with an admirable likeness in the character of Medea, from a painting of her made several years ago by the inimitable Ary Scheffer.

Madame Ristori unquestionably illustrates two great principles in dramatic art, with a force and purity worthy of the highest commendation that can be bestowed. First, the possibility of rising from a low estate to one honored of all classes, and without using any of those doubtful extraneous aids which any other than the possessor of genius is likely to be tempted to employ. Second, the possibility of remaining unspoiled, (to use an expressive word of common life), in the midst of such adulation as has power to turn weaker brains, and such temptations of her peculiar walk of art as need the highest principle and the most assured firmness to resist. A true lady, as well as a great artist, the honored associate of the most honored by others, in her own native Italy, in France, Germany, England, and in fact in all Europe, Madame Ristori comes among us;



MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI, TRAGEDIENNE, (MARCHIONESS CAPRICIA DEL GRILLO).—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, NEW YORK.

and we shall do ourselves wrong as a people if we do not make the fact understood that a part of our applause is bestowed upon the spotless woman, and not all upon the mere artist, however distinguished.

Of the early life of the great tragedienne, it is sufficient to know that she was born at Friuli (border between Venetia and Lombardy, Northern Italy), in 1826, and has consequently just reached what may be considered the culmination of her mental and physical powers, while, as is well-known, many more years of continuance in that maturity are likely to remain to her than could be hoped for by a native of the Western Continent who had reached a corresponding period in life. Her father and mother seem both to have belonged to an Italian dramatic troupe—though no contrast could well have been imagined greater than the standing of those itinerants and that which has been secured by their distinguished daughter, who has for years been, in the very best sense of the word, an exponent of the highest dramatic art, and the "companion of princes."

The budding artist seems to have made her appearance upon the stage at a very early period—being brought on in a basket in a beautiful conceit called "New Year Gifts," and it was no later than her fourth year when she commenced playing children's parts, continuing in such lines until twelve (how early, still!) when the celebrated actor and director, Moncalvo, engaged her for *soubrette* rôles. She was only fourteen when she made her first appearance in a tragic rôle at once pre-eminently suited to the Italian mind and calculated to take much maturer powers—that of "Francesca di Rimini"—in that play the catastrophe of which the genius of Leigh Hunt has made so familiar even to mere English readers. Not long after this appearance (which was only a moderate success), she abandoned her wandering life, and joined the company playing under the special patronage of the King of Sardinia, (Charles Albert, father of the present king), under the directorship of Gaetano Bazzi, and with the advice and assistance of an admirable actress and estimable woman, Madame Carlotta Marchionni.

It was at the Theatre of Livorno (Leghorn), that Mademoiselle Ristori may be said to have really begun establishing her reputation, about 1844 to 1846, in those wonderful creations which are now inseparably connected with her name. Thenceforth her course was onward and upward, to what flight of assured and honorable success we need not now recapitulate.

In 1846 occurred a marked epoch in the history of the great tragedienne. She was wooed and won by the Marquis (Marchese) Capranico del Grillo, representative of a very old and honored Italian house; and the marriage took place not long after, with those intermediary troubles usually connected with the formation of an alliance by the heir of a noble house. It has since borne fruit of unalloyed happiness, as it would appear, the Marchioness, in her present journey, being accompanied by her husband and a most interesting family, who seem to be only less objects of interest than herself.

The first appearance of Madame Ristori on the American stage was made on Thursday evening, the 20th of September, in the rôle of Medea, and its success has already been sufficiently recorded. She takes place at once in America, as she had previously done in Europe, with Siddons, Mars and Rachel—probably a greater artist, in the peculiarity of touching the hearts of all beholders, than either of the two latter named, and certainly the equal of either. The rôles in which Americans may expect to see her (under her present engagement with Manager Gran) are, in addition to Medea, those of Myrrha, Judith, (Judith), Elisabetta, Francesca di Rimini, Phaedra, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Marie Stuart, Deborah, Lady Macbeth, Bianca (in "Fazio"), Norma and Semiramide; and no non-English-speaking artist has come among us likely to go away so well understood, the libretto, prepared by the management in English and Italian, making her great performances the intelligent privilege of all.

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Shall the Rebel States Come Back with Augmented Power?

Of the four propositions contained in the "Congressional Plan of Reconstruction," as embodied in the Constitutional Amendment now before the country, but two really provoke the strenuous opposition of the late rebels and their sympathizers. Most of these are willing enough, probably, that all men born in the United States should be constitutionally recognized as citizens of the United States, and but few object to making repudiation impossible through constitutional enactment.

The real hostility to the Congressional plan lies against the second and third propositions, and rather than accept these, the lately rebel States prefer to remain unrepresented in Congress, and subject to all the sufferings and evils which, we are lugubriously told, are consequent on that self-imposed condition.

Now what are these two objectionable propositions, on which pivots all the political turmoil of the day?

The first of these, but second in order in the list of amendments, limits the basis of representation in Congress to the actual voting population of every State.

The second debars all persons who have held office on the strength of a solemn oath to support the Federal Constitution, and afterward broke that oath and sought to subvert that Constitution, from hereafter holding any political office, except the disability be removed by a two-thirds vote of Congress.

The great question before the people is, Are

these conditions just, reasonable, or necessary? Let us consider them as abstract propositions, and not as partisan issues, and as men seeking to close a long and terrible quarrel in such a manner as shall give us present peace, and security for the future.

Among the concessions made to slavery in the formation of the Constitution, was the privilege of enumerating three-fifths of all the slaves in calculating the basis of representation. Slaves were held to be property, and the concession was in effect to give political weight to property in one portion of the Union, while denying it in another. The owner of five slaves, valued at one thousand dollars each, had, practically, three votes for his five thousand dollars' worth of human flesh. The consequence was that the ten "unreconstructed States" who are now kept out of Congress, sent to that body, under the census of 1860, not less than fifteen members, representing property—slaves, who had no voice or choice in the matter. This enabled the pestilent little State of South Carolina, with a white population little exceeding that of Rhode Island, to send four representatives to Congress, while Rhode Island could send but two. The political weight of each white voter in South Carolina was more than double that of each voter in the free States. This was neither democratic nor republican. It was a real grievance, and felt to be such by every voter in the Free States. But it was "nominated in the bond," and the people submitted to the wrong, as part of the original sacrifice to the system of slavery, recognized, in an evil hour, by the Constitution.

But slavery has been abolished, and the concessions growing out of its existence should disappear with it. The amendment now proposed to the Constitution is but a supplement to that extinguishing slavery. It follows logically on the latter.

Under the Constitution as it now stands, the late slaves will count, in the basis of representation, not as three-fifths, but as five-fifths. In other words, they will all be counted equally with the whites in the States where they are found. To this, if they were entitled to vote, there could be no objection; but not being permitted to vote, the existing evil will only be augmented by their emancipation. The white men who before voted for three-fifths of them, will now vote for all of them, and the ten derelict States, instead of coming up to Congress with fifteen representatives, to which they are not justly entitled, will make their appearance there with twenty-five members, pretending to represent men who had no voice or choice in their election! If these members could be expected to represent in any way the rights, feelings, or interests of the negroes on the strength of whose existence they appear in Congress, there might be some ground for permitting them to take their seats; but we all know they would appear as the enemies, maligners, and oppressors of the very class to whose existence their political position would be due.

Apart from the impolicy of giving augmented political power to States which exerted all they ever possessed to subvert the Constitution and destroy the Union, the adoption of the amendment is due as an act of justice to the white men of the loyal States. It is an outrage on the latter that eight thousand white voters in South Carolina should have as much weight in the Government as twenty-four thousand in New York and Ohio. Yet, unless this amendment be adopted, such will be the result after the next apportionment. Counting the white population of South Carolina, which does all the voting, that State would be entitled to but two members of Congress. Counting the blacks, who are denied the ballot, and it would be entitled to five members!

There can be no political axiom more sound or self-evident than that no man has a right to speak or act for another without his consent. The vital grievance which led to our war of Revolution was, that men in England undertook to legislate for us in America without our consent; and the great conflict now going on in Europe between the principle of Republicanism and Despotism hinges on the right of the people to say who shall make the laws under which they are to live.

It is said in opposition to the proposed amendment that it is intended to force the white people of the lately rebel States to admit negro suffrage. There is no compulsion in the matter. The privilege of the suffrage, by concurrent consent, is admitted to be at the disposition of the respective States. They may extend or abridge it, as may seem prudent. Many men, among them the President, think that it should be conceded to all negroes "who can read the Constitution of the United States and write their names, or who own real estate to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars," etc., etc. That, however, is purely a question for the "unreconstructed States" to settle for themselves. Our immediate interests and the interests of the white voters of the loyal States lie in this: on having a just and equal voice in public affairs; that a vote in New York shall

weigh equally with a vote in South Carolina; and that men shall not pretend to represent in Congress a body of people who have no voice in their election, thereby contravening the first principle of republican government.

Labor Conventions.

THE meeting of the Labor Congress, which was held last month in Baltimore, has scarcely received from the daily press the attention it deserves. Such neglect cannot be supposed to have arisen from indifference to the objects of the meeting. Perhaps the title it assumed may have had some share in depriving it of the quick sympathies of the public. We have of late been rather surfeited with conventions. To say nothing of the political, there have been the dental, the spiritual, the base-ball, and a host of others; so that the very name of "convention" seems to imply something of the advertising order—a desire of assuming a high-sounding name to attract public attention to what is in itself puerile or immoral.

We should do very wrong, however, to class the meeting of workmen in Baltimore among those whose name and designation they bear in common. The respectability of their cause relieves them from the suspicion of wishing to claim public sympathy on any other basis than that of right and reason; and however mistaken we may consider some of their positions to be, we have no ground for accusing them of insincerity or lack of earnestness.

We should, nevertheless, be sorry to consider the resolutions passed by the meeting as the standard of the intelligence of the workmen of the United States. The fallacies they contain about wages, labor and capital are now so old and have been so often exposed, that we cannot believe that they can delude any but the most unreflecting. Still, mixed with much that is false in argument, are so many excellent truths, that, perhaps, we may charitably consider that the meeting swallowed the resolutions as a whole, while they would, if they could, have rejected some parts; that is, they ate the whole pudding for the sake of the plums.

The preamble asserts "that the growing and enlarging encroachments of capital upon the rights of the industrial classes of the United States have rendered it necessary"—in short, that the same "be arrested;" but whether it is intended to arrest the increase of capital, or only its encroachment, the committee do not clearly state. The first resolution seems to point to the first, and some of the others to the latter meaning. It would have been well for their cause if, instead of such vague generalities, the framers of the resolutions had stated clearly what relation they understood capital to bear to labor. Do they mean to assert that the former can decrease without injury to the latter? That it is a desirable thing to "arrest" or diminish the capital of this country, in order that the rights of industry may be protected? You might as well try to prevent, by your fingers, globules of quicksilver from running together as to resist the tendency of profits to accumulate; and as the accumulation of profits of one year is the capital of the next, how will you set about hindering its annual accretions? Will you say there shall be no profits? How quickly you would find there are no wages also!

Such diminution of capital seems, however, to the workmen, as represented in Baltimore, to be a desirable end to be attained, and the first method they propose is by making general the eight hour system. It is not long since we laid before our readers very ample reasons for discouraging this movement for curtailing the hours of labor, and there is no occasion to give them in full again. We have seen no reason for changing our belief that it is a fraud on the industrious, and an effort to get increase of wages by indirect means, because a straightforward course would certainly fail. It is, moreover, a perversion of the truth to allege that as much work can be done in eight hours as in ten, because machinery on which so much labor depends cannot be driven beyond a certain regulated speed, to which all depending on it must conform; and as for labor unconnected with machinery, it is equally certain that human muscles cannot maintain with profit a severer strain than that they have been used to. If capital is to be checked or arrested by increase of idleness, or, to put it in a milder form, by diminution of its profits, is it not certain that it will go where its energy may find free development? In these attempts to create an antagonism between capital and labor, we trace the evil influence of the doctrine of St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, and others of their school, from which we had hoped the workmen of the United States were more free than they seem to be.

The resolution looking toward the abolition of prison labor, as interfering injuriously with that of free labor, has received an able answer in a paper read before the Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, a few evenings ago. Till the workmen are prepared to show how our prisons can be supported more cheaply than by the work of the convicts,

their assertions that the wageless (if we may coin a word) labor of prisons interferes seriously with them will fall on deaf ears. The common good is the supreme law of the State. A tax on the community to support the inmates of its jails in idleness would be more onerous—leaving out of view the moral effects of compulsory work—than the infinitesimal decrease of the wages of one class caused by the competition they denounce.

We rejoice, however, to find in the next resolution a matter in which we can heartily join hands with the Labor Convention. It refers to the establishment of co-operative societies; and as the history and nature of these is but little understood, we think a little time bestowed in an explanation of their objects will be worthily spent. We take it for granted that the Congress understands clearly the difference between co-operative societies, such as that of the Pioneers at Rochdale (England) and Trades Unions, formed chiefly to conduct strikes, and are encouraged to believe this because another resolution states that "this Congress deprecates what is familiarly known as 'strikes' among working-men." It was in October, 1844, that the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers began its work. It was formed by forty poor flannel-weavers, who contributed two pence (four cents) per week till they had raised a capital of twenty-eight pounds (one hundred and forty dollars). Their object was to take a store where, by providing and selling goods themselves, they might save the expense of the middleman, who costs the humble buyer so dear. This store-keeping remains the great business and triumph of the co-operators. Their immense success in this has led them, and others like them, to attempt production, but with varied success. At first only groceries were sold, then butcher's meat and clothing were retailed. In 1856 the number of members was 1,600; the amount of funds, £12,920; the business done was £63,179; and the profit made, £3,921. As an offshoot from the store, an association was formed for building a cotton-mill, in which the Pioneers' Society invested £5,000 as a capital, and the whole cost, £40,000, was fully paid before it was opened. The principles of these undertakings were simple, and have been inflexibly preserved: all purchases and sales were for cash, and the profits were divided among the customers, rateably on the amount of their purchases. So eminent has been the success attending the first enterprises, that similar ones have sprung up all over Great Britain, and in 1864 it was estimated that eight hundred societies were in operation, numbering two hundred thousand members, with a capital of more than a million sterling. The profits, when the management is good, are twenty per cent; and after a fourth of this is distributed to the shareholders, a large sum remains to be applied to the support of schools, reading-rooms, books, and other good and pleasant objects.

The following picture gives a better idea of the doings in a co-operative store on a Saturday night than whole pages of general description could do:

"These crowds of humble working men . . . are wearing their own stuffs, making their own clothes and shoes, and grinding their own wheat. They buy the purest sugar, and best tea, and grind their own coffee. They slaughter their own cattle; and the finest beasts of the land waddle down the streets of Rochdale for the consumption of flannel-weavers and cobblers. And will any man say that the moral characters of these people is not improved under these influences? The teetotalers of Rochdale acknowledge that the store has made more sober men since it began than all their efforts in the same space of time. Husbands who never knew what it was to be out of debt, and poor wives who during many weary years never had sixpence uncondemned in their pockets, now possess little stores of money, sufficient to build them cottages, and go every week into their own markets with money jingling in their pockets, and in that market there is no distrust, no deception, no adulteration, and no second prices. The whole atmosphere is honest. Those who serve neither hurry, *finesse*, nor flatter. They have but one duty to perform—that of giving fair weight, full measure, and a pure article."

All this, however, gives but a faint idea of the amazing changes which co-operative societies are working in the condition of the working classes in England, all tending to show the true relation of capital to labor. Assuredly then do we welcome this system, as one of the objects which the Labor Convention in Baltimore sought to promote.

On the remaining resolutions we have left ourselves no space to enlarge, and it is the less necessary to do so, as they are as much of a political as a social character. We have, however, said enough to show that while the field of operation proposed by the convention is too wide to allow of a practical good being wrought out in all directions, and while errors and fallacies fatal to the objects they propose disfigure part of their plans, there yet remain

many ways in which their organization may achieve immense results for the present and future good of their fellow-workers.

The Powers of Congress.

Nothing can be more idle, at this late hour, than hair-splitting arguments as to the right and power of the Government to impose conditions on the rehabilitation of the late rebel States. Many unanticipated questions arise in the history of a nation, which can only be settled when they do arise by the "inexorable logic of facts." The founders of the Government never imagined it possible that there could be a forcible or formidable attempt to dissolve the Union. They made no provision for such a contingency. It is true they adopted the usual formulas against treason; but they never undertook to provide how States in rebellion were to be restored when rebellion was suppressed.

To say that an act of such gravity brings no consequences with it, nor entails any penalty, except its own failure, is to treat it as the most trivial, instead of the most heinous of offenses. The very fact that the life of the nation has been assailed gives it the right to provide against the renewal of the assault. And nothing can be more puerile and silly than the claim advanced by Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, in his examination before the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. He said of the rebel States:

"They expected that as soon as the Confederate cause was abandoned, immediately the States would be brought back into their practical relations with the Government as previously constituted. That is what they looked to. They expected that the States would immediately have their representatives in the House."

The "logic of facts" must have soon dispelled the modest expectations of the men, who, according to Mr. Stephens, imagined they had only to wash their hands, still dripping with loyal blood, and step back blandly into all their previous rights and privileges! The innocents!

The President, however, did not share their view of the case. As Commander-in-Chief, he set aside their Governments, appointed Provisional Executives, annulled their laws, and suppressed their courts. He went further, and imposed on them Constitutional restrictions, as a condition to their exercise of even local powers.

But he always recognized the ultimate authority of Congress in the matter of restoration or reconstruction. In a telegram to Provisional Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, July 24, 1865, he said: "The Government of the State will be Provisional only until the civil authorities shall be restored with the approval of Congress." To Governor Marvin, of Florida, September 12, 1865, he said: "It must, however, be distinctly understood, that the restoration to which your proclamation refers will be subject to the decision of Congress."

In taking this position, the President was truly reflecting the policy indicated by his predecessor, Mr. Lincoln, who, in his Proclamation of Amnesty, December 8, 1863, distinctly set forth, "Whether members sent to Congress from any State shall be admitted to seats constitutionally, rests exclusively with the respective Houses, and not to any extent with the Executive." A year later, in his Message of December, 1864, Mr. Lincoln, in speaking of restoration, uses this emphatic language: "Some certain, and other possible questions are, and would be, beyond the Executive power to adjust—as, for instance, the admission of members into Congress."

Now, however, the President insists, in the very teeth of his previous declaration and conduct, that Congress has no right to refuse admission to representatives that may come to Washington from the rebel States. He maintains now that Congress has no right to impose any conditions whatever on the States seeking representation. According to his assumption, the Executive alone has the prerogative of exacting conditions and imposing restraints. According to his new light, the Legislative branch of the Government is without any power whatever; and, because it insists that it has the very rights which he maintained it possessed a year ago, and that the question of reconstruction is properly one of legislation, it is denounced as "a so-called Congress," "a body hanging on the skirts of a Government which it is trying to destroy," and "whose measures, God willing, I will veto whenever they come before me!"

These are not fitting terms to be used by an accidental President toward the immediate representatives of the people. The people are represented in the Legislature, which is the popular body, and only reflected in the President. Congress is of the people and part of it, and is not, nor can it ever be, "a body hanging on the skirts of the Government." It is above all other branches of the Government, the embodiment of the people's majesty and will, and deserves and will command the support of the people.

The public observe with satisfaction that General Grant will not permit his name to be identified with any party organizations. In keeping

rigidly aloof from all partisan movements he sets a high example to that considerable class of officers who, like General Gordon Granger, not content with the honors acquired in the field and in their profession, literally besiege the high places of Government for civil appointments of trust and profit—collectorships, missions, and fat consultancies. A hard rider may be in his place and useful at the head of a squadron of cavalry; but it by no means follows that he will cover his country with honor as its minister abroad. General Grant is right in saying, as he has done in a letter just printed, that in his opinion it is improper for any officer in the service to take part in any partisan demonstrations. His aide-de-camp, writing under his dictation, says: "General Grant instructs me to say that it is contrary to his habit and to his convictions of duty to attend political meetings of any character whatsoever, and that he sees with regret the action of any officer of the army taking a conspicuous part in the political dissensions of the day." Of course this observation is intended to apply to officers in regular and actual service, and not to those thousands who, having left civil life for the camp, have again returned to it and the pursuit of their professions.

The National Intelligencer of Washington was no doubt right when it announced, in advance of its meeting, that the Convention of Southern Loyalists could "never be held in any Southern State." It is well known that many delegates to that Convention were deterred from going by fear of personal violence on their return; and it is notorious that a very large part of the delegates who did attend cannot return except at the risk of their lives. Already one has been sacrificed. Colonel George V. Moody, a leading lawyer of Port Gibson, Miss., was a delegate. On the night after his return, while sitting alone in his office, engaged in writing, he was shot dead, through an open window, by persons unknown. There is no doubt that the deed was committed in consequence of his open loyalty.

TOWN GOSSIP

High Rents Collapsing.

ONE of those effects in the economy of living in New York City, which wise men anticipated and silly ones thought impossible, is beginning to develop itself with the return of absentees to town and the commencement of the annual "settling down" for fall and winter. This is the decadence in rents, the additional number of empty houses and parts of houses, and the evidence that the landlords are not to have the whole matter their own way—the tenants having something to say once more. For three months before the first of May last, the impression found its way into the public mind, no doubt through the skillful management of those interested in property-letting—that there were not houses enough for rent in New York to supply the demand. Under that idea, exorbitant increases in rents of houses already taken were endured, and houses and apartments rented anew at such figures as owners and agents chose to affix—some kind of fear seeming to prevail in each instance, that if the chance then offered should not be grasped at once, no other would ever present itself, and that the families of the non-renters would soon form part of a melancholy evicted population, rivaling those of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands under the Sutherland rule, covering with dilapidated chairs and cracked pans under the lee of board-yards, or dumped in unceremonious heaps into the gutters of by-streets. Well, this fear prevailed; landlords and agents were at once jubilant and exigent; tenants were humble and disposed to accept of anything offered and to pay anything demanded; and the whole renting-business went on, in apparent prosperity, but really on an entirely hollow foundation—the warning being entirely unheeded that there would be more contracts than payments, and that many landlords would eventually lose the very best of their tenants. A few months have changed all this, materially. Conscientious tenants have at once discovered that they could find cheaper quarters, and that they could not pay the rents originally demanded and promised; and they have moved away and left empty houses or apartments. Unscrupulous tenants, more disposed to swindle to the amount of one hundred dollars than fifty, and five hundred than three, have "run the length of their tether," then "departed between two days," leaving other empty houses and rooms. Landlords and agents have the task of filling those vacancies again, and only succeed with more labor than the same effort cost them in the spring, at reduced rates, and after a few weeks of empty rooms have damaged the year's receipts to more than the amount added through over-charging. Rents have seen their highest point, and the people breathe more freely in the knowledge. Greed has over-reached itself, after damaging all those brought into association with it—as it has a habit of doing, much more frequently than superficial observers imagine. Bad extortion does not often receive so signal a rebuke, yet in a mode likely to excite so little public comment; and it is to be hoped that the lesson may be the means of causing landlords to remember that their tenants not only are of the same flesh and blood with themselves, but hold interests which cannot be trampled upon without injurious reaction. If any additional reminder is needed, perhaps it can be found in a few verses of a squib which went the rounds of some of the papers about the first of May, and which not only told the whole story with a certain humor, but made what has since turned out to be more or less a prophecy:

"Says Smith, my landlord, unto me, says he:
"Jones, I must raise your rent." Says I: "Old buster,
You don't perceive the ties, it seems to me,
That round the household cluster;
You do not know how, in a year or two,
A house that was no home begins to be it—
How lowering, 'stead of raising, you should do!'
Says he: 'No, I can't see it!
Stamp up your twenty-five per cent advance—
Or move!' Then Smith went off to other tenants,
To fright them with harsh word and angry glance,
And left me to my penance.
And I remain. 'To pay your rent?' Ahem!
Don't ask rash questions, so escape rash answers!
Your man who ALWAYS pays, 's a human gem,
Fit for the best romancers."

Car-Fare Cupidities.

Speaking of rent-extortions, there is another extortion just now continually practiced in the city, which is borne so patiently as to illustrate how easily advances are made in the price of anything forming a prime necessity, with how much difficulty any retrograde movement is secured, and how patiently the public—that laborious ox—bears any burden not absolutely and palpably crushing. The city car companies, as is well known,

raised their fare from five to six cents, grounding the rise upon the law of Congress permitting them to collect, in addition to previous fare, the national tax of one-eighth of a cent upon each passenger. Subsequent legislation made the six cents, for a time, legal; but not less than three or four months ago the expiration of a limitation brought back the previous status, and left five-and-one-eighth cents all that could be collected. That rate of fare could only be made practicable by the companies issuing tickets, as the law explicitly required them to do, and selling them at the rate of twenty for one dollar two-and-a-half cents—or, by courtesy, one dollar three cents. Most of the companies have refused or neglected to provide them at all; and those which have not refused have burdened the issue with such regulations as to make them worse than no convenience. Result, nearly every passenger on a city railroad goes on paying seven-eighths of a cent on every fare, illegally and a downright swindle. The conductors have been instructed to refuse eleven cents for two fares; and in a single instance, in which that amount has been proffered, assault and attempted expulsion followed. We are certainly a patient community; but how long will this extortion be permitted, forming no insignificant item in the daily expenses of the poor man and his family? The companies pretend, meanwhile, that the increased cost of horse-feed, labor and construction hinders their taking any profits even at the advanced rates; while the fact is that the increased travel on nearly all the roads, caused by the increased population, and the augmented up-town travel forced by high rents, have rendered them even abler than they were before the rise of prices to carry passengers at the old rate, and yet pay heavy dividends.

Paris in New York.

That we have been seeing Paris for so many years that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," is a fact well known—borrowing from that European centre nearly all our fashions, half our ideas, and no small proportion of our vices. Increased travel, too, has sent a large proportion of our citizens (and citizenesses) to receive all those foreign products at first hand. But that is not enough now, even with the cable. Paris must be brought over bodily, or at least that portion of it appetitiously spoken of as "naughty." It is pleasant to be able to say that enterprises can be found among us equal to any emergency, and that the present associated managers of Niblo's (Messrs. Wheeler, manager of the theatre, and Jarrett and Palmer, special associates) have succeeded, in the production of the spectacular "Black Crook," in introducing all that ballet portion of Paris which has heretofore been one of its distinguishing features—one of the features, in fact, on account of which people of all the European nations, and occasionally some from America, have made longer residences at the French capital than they would otherwise have thought necessary, while the true Parisian, without having it for his nightly delectation, would have died from the absence of his element, just like a turtle that had over on his back the head of the Gallipoli. Well, as already said, the feature is, in the "Black Crook," fairly transparent; it remains to be seen how thoroughly it will or can become acclimated. It is certainly a little startling to the native American sense, this appearance of an unlimited number of pretty women with no clothes to speak of (in fact, very few to see); but that has yet to be found to which an American cannot get used under proper pressure, whether the task is getting under arms, or under—not to put too fine a point upon it—legs. The whole production of the "Black Crook" is certainly a model of tasteful splendor as well as audacity; and some of the scenery may well challenge comparison with anything that the American stage has ever produced. Two scenes especially commend themselves to all eyes—those of the "Grotto of Stalacta," and the transformation scene of the finale. As it is our intention to "keep up with the times," the former of the two scenes mentioned has been transferred to one of our pages this week in an illustration, the seeing of which is the very next thing to being present at the spectacle. And something more with reference to the play and the manner of its production will be given when additional time and space allow.

La Ristori.

The coming of Madame Ristori has been scarcely, if at all, second to those of Jenny Lind and Rachel, in the amount of *furor* occasioned; and her first appearance at the Theatre Francaise, which took place on Thursday evening, the 20th September, afforded another proof how thoroughly the American people can enter into the excitement of a distinguished presence, whatever the peculiar feeling involved. For days before that time, the street in front of the "Ristori Administration" had been literally formed into a queue of waiting ticket-seekers; and the omen of her opening appearance as "Medea" is, that she will achieve a pecuniary success scarcely second to her artistic. On our front page will be found a remarkably truthful portrait of the tragedienne in citizen's costume, which will be followed (probably next week), by a full-length, as "Medea." While, in connection with the former portrait, the career of the artist has been briefly but comprehensively traced, criticism upon her rendering of that great opening character is necessarily deferred, from exigencies easily understood.

Other Amusements in the City.

The whole amusement season, of which the 1st to the 15th September may be considered the "opening time," has certainly been inaugurated with exceptional brilliancy as to show and attendance; though, sooth to say, it is somewhat more than doubtful whether more absolute talent has not often been seen upon the New York stage at one time, in the history of metropolitan theatricals. Show is what the people seem to desire, and show, in large quantities, is certainly what is being supplied them. How could acting, pure and simple, thrive under such disadvantages? But a word of the "shows" so far last inaugurated. The "Black Crook" opened on Tuesday evening, the 18th, with Mr. John Gilbert, Acting Manager, Mr. John H. Selwyn, Stage Director, Mr. James W. Wall, ex heading the company, Miss Henriques leading lady, and most of the old favorites of 1st season retained. The opening piece was the "Fast Family," an English adaptation from "La Famille Benoiton," so popular at the Paris Varieties; and of its success and merits we will speak later. * * * "Rip Van Winkle" has still remained the feature at the Olympic, with Joe Jefferson popular as ever. * * * At the Winter Garden, genial John Brougham (who, by-the-way, contributes a charming poem to our present number), has come away, and been succeeded by the sensational Budapest, the "Nigger Leap" and the "Spiral Mountain." * * * At the New York Theatre, both the managers, the Gomersals, Mr. McKee Rankin, etc., have been successfully illustrating "Beauty and the Beast." * * * Mr. Edwin Adams has proved himself a better actor than the "Dead Heart" indicated him to be, in the Huguenot character (Adrian de Teligny) of Judge Conrad's play, the "Heretic," and on his disappearance, Mr. J. H. Hackett has succeeded him, playing his specialty of Falstaff in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," the play being got up with more than the usual care of that theatre as to both cast and scenery. * * * And at Barnum's that excellent success, "Lone House on the E-ridge," in which Mr. Levick, Mrs. Prior, etc., appeared so pleasingly, has been succeeded by the domestic drama of "Mary Lockwood." Certainly, whatever the absolute talent employed, there has never been a better opportunity for choice (even if "Hobson's") on the part of New York play-goers.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A somewhat notable, though scarcely singular case of bigamy has lately been developing itself at Rochester, and in the neighborhood, through the arrest of one William H. McLaughlin, who is charged with the pleasant but illegal amusement of having two Mrs. McLaughlins at one and the same time. It would seem that in 1862, then residing at Camden, Oneida county, McLaughlin married Miss Juliet Phillips on the 7th day of November of that year; and that no longer afterward than the 16th of February following (1863) he found the necessity of another wife so strong upon him that he left Camden, went to Rochester, and there married a Miss Dutcher, of Medina. He had, however, previous

to this second marriage, enlisted in an artillery regiment, and shortly after he went to the war and served his two years, returning in 1864. Whether from having his too much of married life at once, or from some other cause, he went back to neither of the wives on his return; but No. 2, hearing of his presence in the State, and discovering, through inquiries, that there was a No. 1 possibly standing in the way, applied to the courts for redress, and had him arrested. Then No. 1 came out with a proposition—all well enough for her—that she should be allowed to return to her (No. 1); that No. 2 should not take any further steps against him; and that she would overlook his past naughtiness. But No. 2 did not see it in that light; besides, the law had got its grip upon Mr. McLaughlin; and, as a consequence, there seems a fair prospect that he will have no wife, instead of two—spending his time in the charming precincts of Sing Sing or Auburn. Very times have changed, and matters with them, since the time when the English knight, who had a wife at home, married the Saracen lady who aided him to escape from his slavery, when taken in the wars of Palestine; and when the first wife, glad to have him back again on any terms, divided him with the second, the three ever after occupying one residence, and their three effigies lying side by side to-day in one of the old west county cathedrals. If Mrs. McLaughlin No. 1 could have mustered up the same sublime virtue of "partnership," no doubt No. 2 would have been obliged to take cognizance of the affair, and poor McLaughlin would have fallen into no worse bondage than the arms of two rival ladies—which some, however, might be disposed to consider quite punishment enough.

—Only one joke, so far as heard from, has yet been perpetrated with reference to the great Italian actress just making her mark among us. The one is bad enough to bear relating: "These gloves," said Sophonoba Jane, the other night, coming out of one of the theatres, "will certainly never do to go to the reception of Ristori in; I shall be obliged to get a new pair." "It is a terrible pity, then," lisped Tom, eyeing the condemned articles askance. "They ought to go; for if there is anything that they need, it is certainly a restoration."

—A shoddy factory at Northborough, Mass., was burnt the other night, the fire being caused by spontaneous combustion. Of two men who slept in the factory, one escaped, though with severe injuries, by jumping from the window; the other was consumed in the flames. The only wonder is, not that the fire occurred, but that it did not occur before; for, as alleged, "all evil things have in them the germs of their own destruction," certainly a shoddy factory, to which many of our poor soldiers owed their bare sides and rheumatic limbs, might have been expected to "combust" long ago.

—A queer genius lately appeared before Justice Outhbert, at Chicago, accused himself of assault and battery, and demanded to be arrested and fined—the judge final, accommodating him by fining him five dollars. The joke of the affair has not yet been told, however; that the repentant criminal paid with a ten dollar bill, which the clerk changed, giving him five dollars in good money, to find, after he was gone, that the ten dollar was a counterfeit, and that the conscientious man had cleared five dollars!

—A singular case of that sympathy which does not always exist between husband and wife, was shown a few days ago in Waltham, Illinois. The wife of a Mr. Henry Witely, residing there, was bitten by a mad dog. She was taken with the hydrophobia a short time afterward, and died from the effects of the disease. The death of the wife distracted the husband. He became possessed with the idea that he was also attacked with the dreadful disease, and on the 7th inst., strangely enough, drowned himself in a stream near the town.

—Dr. Collins, of Cincinnati, who wrote an elaborate treatise on the cholera, proving that it could easily be cured, died the other day of the disease—not the only case that can be called to mind of the ease of theory and the difficulty of practice!

—A suit has been brought against the Western Union Telegraph Company, by a gentleman of Michigan, claiming damages of ten thousand dollars for detaining until too late to be of any use a message announcing the death of his son. An excessive claim, it would seem—for not more than that amount is usually demanded even for killing the most valuable of us—much more for keeping back the news of a death.

—The harbor of Galveston, Texas, is said to be fast closing up with sand, the former draught of twenty feet on the bar having been reduced to eight or ten. Whether the blockade has been the cause of this (as alleged to have been at Charleston) is not understood.

—A full-grown and ripe raspberry is alleged to have been found inside a melon by a gentleman who cut the latter, one day last week. If this should really be true, it would go far to prove that the larger vegetables furtively eat out at night and devour the smaller, as sharks are well known to do with smaller fish and hawks with chickens.

Foreign.

—Among the knapsacks now in use in Europe, the lightest, when packed with a field kit, is that of the Austrian army, weighing ten pounds; the heaviest, the English, weighing fifteen pounds. But when to this is added the weight of arms, accoutrements, clothing and provisions, the total carried by a foot soldier of each nation is as follows: Austria, 51 pounds 8 ounces; England, 54 pounds 8 ounces; France, 55 pounds 5 ounces; Prussia, 56 pounds 8 ounces; Russia, 71 pounds 7 ounces.

—On the night of the recent battle of Sadova an officer of the Zieten Hussars, who were forward in pursuit, rode as far as the gates of Koniggratz, and finding there were no sentries outside, rode in; the guard immediately on seeing him in his Prussian uniform, turned out and seized him, when, with a ready presence, he had declared he had come to demand the capitulation of the fortress. He was conducted to the commandant, and made the same demand to him, adding that the town would be bombarded if not surrendered within an hour; the commandant, unconscious that he was not dealing with a legitimate messenger, courteously refused to capitulate; but the hussar was conducted out of the town, passed through the guard at the entrance, and got off safely without being made a prisoner.

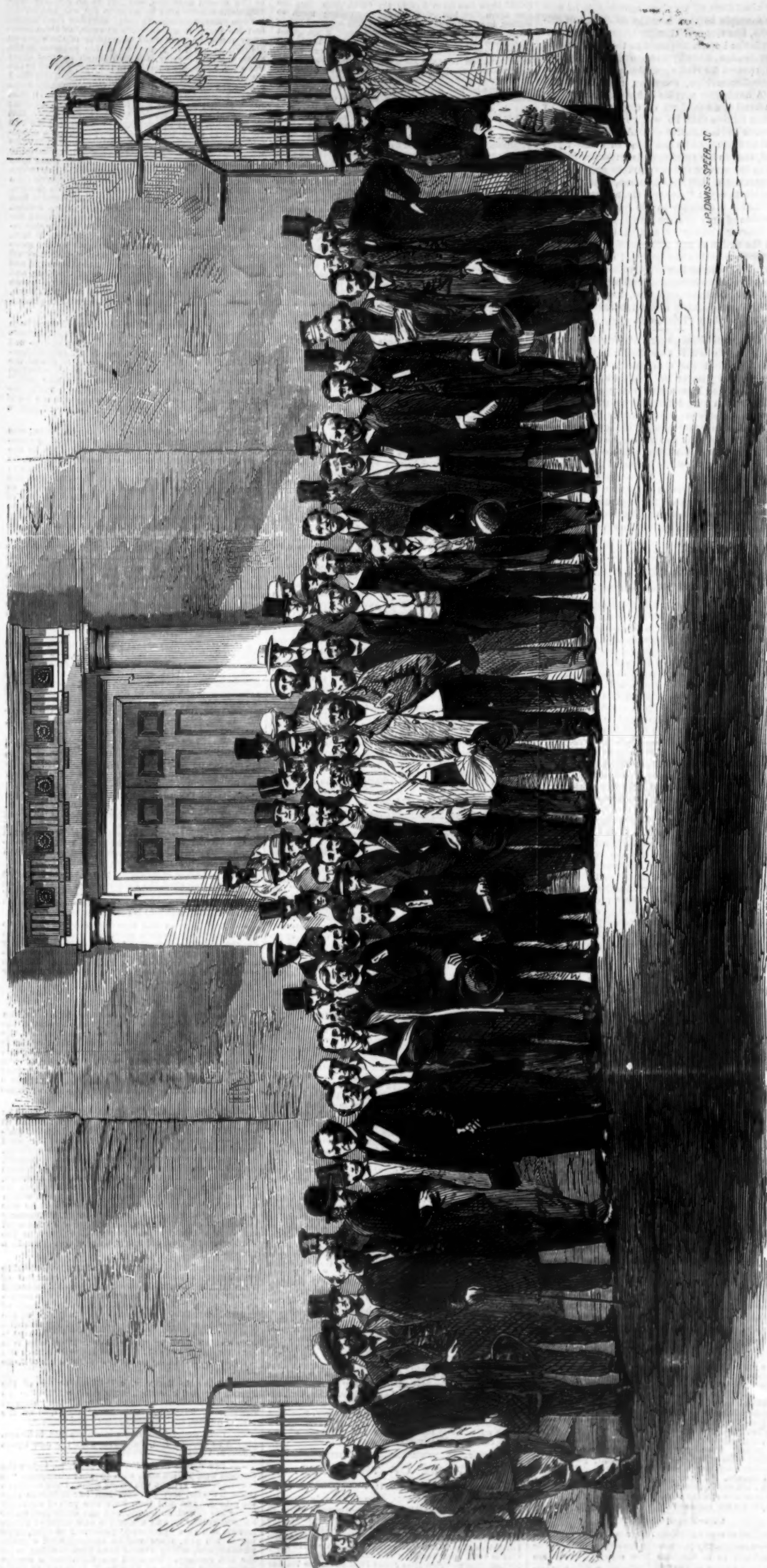
—When Rothschild went to the Prussian General to remonstrate against the contribution demanded of Frankfurt, Manieuffel answered that he would surround the city and bombard it if necessary. To this Rothschild replied: "Then I shall bombard the Bank of Prussia. I believe your Excellency can judge of the range of your rifle cannon, but not of the financial power of the house of Rothschild. You see this portfolio which I have brought with me. It contains bills for sixty millions of dollars for the Rhine Provinces and Westphalia. It is in my power to ruin the trade of those Provinces."

—Roger de Beauvoir, a brilliant writer of the French romantic school, author of "L'Ecolier de Cluny," the "Chevalier de St. George," the "Cabaret des Morts," "Histoires Cavalieres," etc., died on the 37th of August, aged fifty-six years.

—One hundred and fifty women are said to be employed as macons and hod-carriers on the new Opera House at Vienna.

—In a debate in the French Chambers, before the German war, Thiers said, with prophetic instinct: "It is certain that Prussia will annex some of the northern German States, and will establish her influence over the others. She will then have one part of Germany under her direct authority, and the other part under indirect authority, and under the new order of things Austria will be a 'protected' power. And then, allow me to tell you, there will be accomplished a grand phenomenon, which events have been tending to for the last century. We shall see the German empire revive—that empire of Charles V., instead of being supported by Spain, as in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, will be supported by Italy."

—The oldest theatre in London, Sadlers Wells, has been standing just one hundred years.



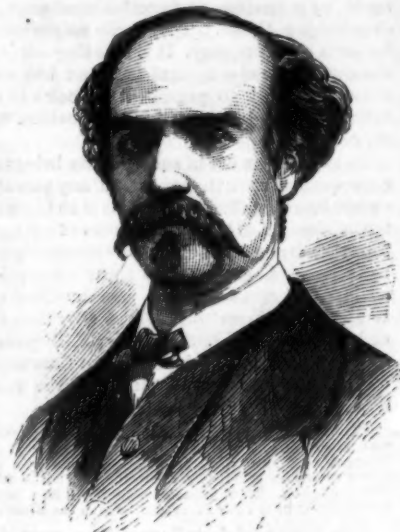
THE VIRGINIA DELEGATION TO THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION, HELD AT PHILADELPHIA, ON SEPT. 3RD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WENDEBOTH, TAYLOR & BROWN.

VIRGINIA DELEGATION OF SOUTHERN LOYALISTS.

AS PART of the political history of the time, we give, this week, a grouping of the Virginia Delegation to the Convention of Southern Loyalists at Philadelphia—the picture having the additional value of having been photographed while the group was standing before the historic door of old Independence Hall.

OUR BASE-BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE subject of our sketch this week is that well-known and enthusiastic admirer and supporter of the game, Dr. William H. Bell, President of the Eclectic Club of New York, whom we may fairly regard as a very good sample of the "old school" of the fraternity.



WM. H. BELL, ECLECTIC B. B. CLUB.

though he, in energetic efforts to promote the best interests of the game, and in ardent love for the sport, equals the most "live" man in the Association.

Dr. Bell was one of the first seven who organized the celebrated Eckford Club of Brooklyn, and he was one of the nine of that club for several years. He afterward organized the Henry Eckford Club, of which he was the principal supporter, until it was merged into the present Eclectic Club, of which also the doctor was the originator, and is now the most prominent representative. Dr. Bell was the first to introduce the style of pitching now in vogue, his excellent suggestions being elaborated in the form of the noted sixth rule by Dr. Jones, the able and accomplished Chairman of the Committee of Rules of the National Association; and if any innovation of the old rule of pitching ever advanced the interests and popularity of the game, this has done, for it has been the means of delivering us from that miserable, tedious, and illegitimate style of pitching, which afforded such an ample field for the playing of the unfair "waiting," which was such a striking feature of the leading contests from 1861 up to the period of the introduction of the sixth rule—a rule which, when strictly and legitimately enforced, does more to give life and interest to a contest, and to afford opportunities for brilliant displays in the field, and to give skillful batting its due reward, than any rule introduced since the "fly game" was adopted.

As a fielder, Dr. Bell, for a man of his weight and years—two hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois, and verging on forty—is remarkably active and efficient; and at the bat he excels, his average each season being close to the highest recorded. His position in his nine is the pitcher, and with a good field to support him, and when he drops speed as the object and resorts to strategy—or, in other words, strives more to outwit the batsman and umpire than to intimidate—he is quite an effective player in the position.



MR. P. H. BURNS, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

A trait of the doctor's character is his remarkable memory, which enables him to trace the progress of a game from the first to the last inning, and to remember the details of contests played "long syne." Socially, the doctor stands high in the fraternity, as a warm friend, a liberal and enthusiastic supporter of the game, and a gentlemanly and expert exemplar of its attractive features.

MR. P. H. BURNS,

Champion Telegraph Operator.

TELEGRAPHING has assumed even a new importance in the public eye since the laying of the Atlantic cable, and the proof thus furnished that Puck could, as he boasted, "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," the only fault being that he named too long a time for the operation. Many thousands interested in telegraphic operations and manipulations



TRIAL OF CAPT. LAWRENCE F. FRAZER'S NEW LIFE-BOAT, OR RAFT, ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 18TH, IN THE SURF AT LONG BRANCH, N. J.—SEE PAGE 39.

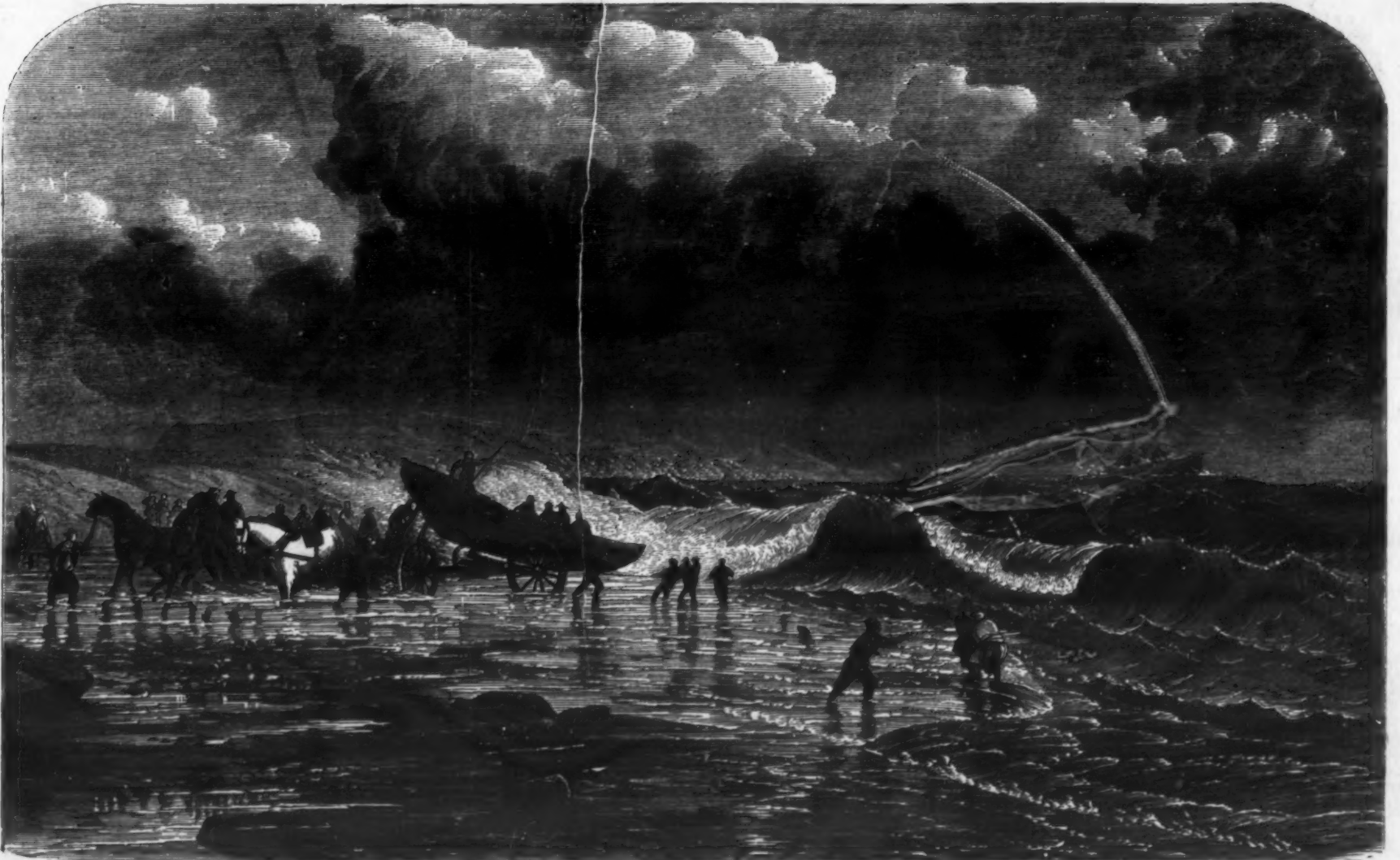
will be pleased to see the portrait published this week of Mr. P. H. Burns, acknowledged the champion telegrapher of New England and New York (which really means, in effect, champion of the world), holder of the champion key, and victor in the telegraph matches which have recently created so much excitement in Boston and other Eastern cities. Mr. Burns is a New York boy, having been born at Fishkill Landing, in this State, and in the business ever since his thirteenth year, he being now twenty. When it is added that he has accomplished the wonderful feat of sending two

hundred and fifty words over a line in five minutes and forty seconds—unequaled, thus far, in the whole history of telegraphy—the celebrity accorded to Mr. Burns here, and in the regards of the thousands of other telegraphers who are so proud of him, will not seem overstrained or out of place.

CONSERVATION OF HEAT.—Of the sun's radiation, the light or luminous rays pass freely through the aqueous vapor of our atmosphere, but the radiation

of the heat or calorescent rays is intercepted by the same vapor, and the drain of terrestrial heat prevented. It has been proved that the first set of rays giving the light of the sun cannot even melt snow; for when the most powerful luminous sunbeam, from which the calorescent rays have been intercepted, is localized upon a surface covered with hoar frost, it will not melt the first specula of frost crystals. Yet two or three days' sunshine suffices to obliterate all traces of a heavy snow-fall. But it is not the sunshine or luminous rays of the sun which does this, but a body of rays with

them, which have no light in them. Every stream which channels the glaciers, or tumbles down the valleys of the Alps, is the product of this invisible radiator. But what is far more remarkable is, that it is to these non-luminous rays that the glaciers owe their birth as well as dissolution, for they are in great part absorbed close to the surface of the ocean; they, therefore, heat the water at the surface, and are almost the sole excitants of evaporation. Not only, then, do these invisible solar rays, by the prison of the ice, give birth to the rivers of Switzerland, but it is they alone that lift the material of these rivers from the sea, and store it on the frozen summits of the mountains.



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT. —BY E. MORAN.—SEE PAGE 39.

GEM POEMS OF THE LANGUAGE.

LADY MARY.

ENGLISH—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun;
And fairer yet thou mightest be—
Thy youth was but begun.
Thine eye was soft and glancing—
Of the pure light blue;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thine hour of rest.
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek,
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure, white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast—
In the chancel all alone.
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Shone on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the land of rest.
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the Sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel
In the presence of the Throne:
We shall see where the light divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
When the Resurrection morning
Has just begun to break.

THE SERPENT

AND

THE CROWN.

PART SECOND.—THE MAGICIENNE.

"Let witchcraft join with beauty, love with both."—
Anthony and Cleopatra.—Shakespeare.

For several days after the extraordinary disclosure of my pupil very little passed between us in regard to the subject. I saw with extreme pain that he daily grew more haggard and miserable in appearance, but when I attempted either to console or to advise, I found that my well-meant efforts were of no avail. One morning, about a week subsequent to the conversation recorded, he suddenly entered the study, displaying marks of extreme agitation in his appearance, and addressed me abruptly:

"Doctor, I have at last obtained Zillah's permission to introduce you to her. I have told her all you have done for me, but until now she has refused to see you, evidently fearing your influence. When I informed her, however, that you know all that had passed, though she evinced some anger at my weakness, as she called it, she finally consented that you should be brought to her. When will you go?"

The question was an embarrassing one. Feeling, as I did, that the woman was merely a skillful and selfish charlatan, I had a great reluctance to approach her, for I knew that if she succeeded in deceiving me by her arts in his presence, her influence over him would be fearfully strengthened. Besides this, every sentiment of my nature revolted at the slightest appearance of countenancing quackery in any shape, and I knew that a visit to her, whatever its results, would appear in this light to myself if not to others. I told him my objections in a few decided words, and my heart beat with a throb of anguish as I marked the dejected look with which he received my answer. Without a word he turned upon his heel and was slowly leaving the room, when just as he passed the door I heard him mutter:

"It was my last hope! I thought he might find a way to save me!"

This appeal—though not intended for my ears—thrilled, in its despair, to my inmost soul, and springing forward I hastily caught his arm and drew him back into the room.

"I will go with you, Andreas," I simply said.

He did not answer, but his grateful look was a sufficient reward for anything that was disagreeable in my rash resolve. In a few moments we were on our way, and in an hour's time the carriage drew up in front of a neat but handsome dwelling in one of the pleasantest streets of the upper part of the city. There was nothing in the external appearance of the house to mark it as different from its neighbors, but the illustration of the white sepulchre rushed involuntarily into my mind as we ascended the steps.

The door was opened by a modest and simple-looking maid-servant, who ushered us into the parlor without remark. (I may as well state here that I never saw any one in the house who appeared to be in any way connected with it save this little maid, a fellow-servant, of the same sex, who seemed to be the cook, and their mistress. It was impossible to associate either of the servants with the idea of a conspiracy, and especially one so elaborate, if it was a conspiracy.) A very few moments elapsed after our arrival before the door opened to admit the sorceress—as hereafter I am compelled to call her. I had risen, in cour-

tesy, to receive her, but my limbs gave way beneath me, and I was fairly forced, by astonishment, to seat myself again, when I beheld the vision which entered! From that moment I could not blame De Chastain for weakness in yielding to the spell which had so enthralled him.

I am an old man now, and my nature was never poetical. I cannot do her justice, therefore, by description, for her superhuman beauty would demand the genius of a heaven-born poet to delineate it intelligently. I shall try to record my first impression, however, that a faint idea may be gathered of that which I wish I could adequately portray.

Just above the middle height in stature, her form was molded with exquisite symmetry, and the dress which she wore, being plain but becoming, displayed it to the best advantage. Her hands and arms—which were only covered by a thin lace sleeve—were perfection itself, and the long tapering fingers certainly denoted that her birth was not lowly. Her feet,

"Beneath her robe,
Like little mice, stole in and out."

and she moved upon them with a grace and dignity none of her sex could hope to surpass. Her face and head, nevertheless, were her chief charms. The latter was classical in everything wherein the classical is the most excellent, and sat upon her beautiful neck with a perfect poise. The face—but that is indescribable! The beauties of Venus and Juno together were embodied there, and every feature was faultless. The eyes and hair were of the hue of jet, the teeth white and even as a row of pearls, and the delicate, rosy ears, just sufficiently marked to be noticed as new beauties. The ruby lips seemed as a rosebud just unfolding, and the white and lofty brow the throne of intellect and power.

But notwithstanding this perfection of grace and loveliness, I had not been many minutes in her presence when I felt that there was something wanting to render the whole complete. Mind and heart—or rather intellect and passion—she evidently possessed. Politeness, ease and gentleness, were all hers, but the conviction slowly forced itself upon me that *the soul was wanting*; the life, the essence of all that ennobles and purifies, was not there, and the fair outside was but a whitened charnel-house indeed!

Her eye was her most remarkable feature, and to me its glance possessed a power absolutely incomprehensible. It was not the mere "magnetism of a look," it was not only the power of her will, which induced my gaze to droop and falter beneath the cold and steeley, yet lightning ray which gleamed in hers. There was a consciousness of unutterable power, a fixed determination to do and dare all things, mingled with a most obvious sadness, in its expression, that rendered the glance one not to be borne with impunity by any ordinary mortal.

I am conscious that I do not yet convey a tithe of my meaning by the trite sentences I have written, but I despair of being able to do so, ever, and therefore I do not attempt to renew the effort.

She seated herself calmly without noticing my agitation, and bowed courteously in response to my introduction by De Chastain.

"I am happy to know one who has done so much for my friend, as I hear you have, sir," said she, gracefully, but with a marked hauteur. "I am also happy to feel that he will not need assistance long."

"The little that I have been able to render him, madame," I answered, recovering my composure, "is not worth alluding to."

She merely bent her head again in reply, and De Chastain, who did not relish this opening to the conversation, hastened to change it.

"Zillah," said he—and I could not help noticing the extreme deference, not to say servility, of his tone and manner—he who was haughtiness itself to his equals!—"Zillah, I desired that my good friend should know you, because I know you and wished that he should be able to appreciate you as I do."

"I understand, sir," she responded, still more scornfully than at first. "You wished to parade me—to make an exhibition of my power, which even you still doubt and mock!"

"By heaven, Zillah, you wrong me!" exclaimed De Chastain, passionately. "I would as soon make a show of my God! Will you never trust me?"

She shuddered visibly when he appealed to heaven and uttered the name of his Creator, but her look softened at his pleading tone, and from that moment she was less abrupt and lofty. Doubtless this proof of the completeness of his slavery mollified her.

"You shall be satisfied, sir," she said, turning to me again. "And I will even acquit you of vulgar curiosity; but I do not parade the power I have acquired, or make merchandise of it. Will it please you to take a glass of wine?"

This sudden transition caused me to turn my eyes in the direction to which hers guided me, and then!—I beheld a phenomenon which sent the blood bounding through my arteries with fearful force! Upon a small and slight rosewood stand, placed midway between us, but a little to one side, rested an elegant silver salver, on which were two crystal goblets and a massive cut-glass decanter apparently full of water. While I looked at them one of the goblets gradually filled itself to the brim with a ruby liquid resembling wine! None of us were near it (she, especially, being most distant); there was positively no machinery in action, because if the stand and salver had both been entirely hollow, their whole space would not have held as much liquid as that now in the large goblet; yet it absolutely was filled, by invisible means, while I sat looking at it!

Of course I declined to drink: the very mystery of the affair prevented me; but she instantly detected my thought and laughed, ay, laughed merrily.

"You need not fear this wine," she said, ap-

proaching the table, and raising the glass. "It is not poisoned, I assure you," and she drank nearly half the quantity.

"You will not refuse to pledge me now," she continued, handing the goblet to me. "Remember, it is a deadly insult in the land I came from to refuse a cup so honored!"

I glanced at Andreas. His face was deadly pale, and an imploring gesture from him prompted me to an act which I could not but consider rash. I seized the goblet and drained it to the dregs! No ill effects followed then, or thereafter. It was evidently wine, but I did not recognize the vintage, and do not yet know what kind of wine it was. She narrowly watched my face as I drank, and marking its disturbed expression, said, as I handed back the glass:

"Perhaps that particular wine does not suit you. Here is another. There are many sorts in the cellars where my wines are kept."

Standing closely by my side she waved her delicate hand toward the stand, and, my gaze following the motion, I beheld the water in the decanter turn to a bloody red!

All the horrid tales of the Black Art—of the Eastern Magi, and their terrible contracts with the Evil One—with which my childhood had been beguiled, rushed to my memory, and though I felt ere I had fairly uttered it how incautious, if not absurd, the expressions were, I could not restrain the involuntary exclamation:

"Woman, woman, this is the deadly sin!"

"And why so?" she instantly answered, turning the scathing lightning of her black eyes full upon me with a glance of fierce scorn. "Why so, I ask you? The secret was a common one, and used by my forefathers centuries before your boasted science had an existence. Even your Great High Priest—your Saviour, as you call him—knew and used it. Witness the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee," and she laughed—a mockery of mirth—the angry cooing of a fiend!

My gaze had sunk, at first, before the fierce fire of her own, but at this blasphemy a new strength—(given me, I devoutly believe, from the Supreme Source of all strength)—seemed to pervade my whole being, and I was able to look upon her steadily. Down through the glare of those flashing "windows of the soul," down into the depths of her innermost nature, I searchingly looked, and, as she in turn quailed before the glance of Truth, I knew, indeed, that a demon in a human form stood shrinkingly before me!

She was the first to recover her self-possession. Evil has a hardihood which oftentimes appalls the courage of virtue, and I was bewildered and disturbed. Turning from me with a light laugh—which, nevertheless, was hollow and forced—she said:

"Come, enough of this. We will have some music."

Even as she spoke a strain of ravishing melody sounded within the room, and appeared to float in circles above our heads. It was unlike any music I had ever heard, save in feverish dreams. Soft and tender, yet distinct and rhythmical, it pervaded the very senses, and held them entranced as by a potent spell. Seated in my chair—into which I had again fallen when she turned from me—I could not speak, or stir, for many minutes, and, while thus enraptured and bewitched, I beheld another vision, the horror of which I cannot even now forget!

Advancing from the space between the two windows—which I faced as I sat—I distinctly saw the perfect counterpart of myself, arrayed in my usual habiliments. The features were perfect in their resemblance, but were fearfully pale and distorted with terror and despair. It approached within a few feet of my position, and then suddenly drew a long bright knife, with which it stabbed itself twice in the breast and sank down, apparently tottering in gore, at my very feet!

At the same moment that I witnessed the dying horror of my phantom's face, I heard a low, soft, thrilling voice whisper in my ear:

"Madness, despair, suicide! Such is your fate if you oppose my will!"

And instantly the music ceased, the spectre was gone, and I was sitting, stunned and bewildered, gazing into the fair but mocking face of the beautiful sorceress!

I do not exactly know how, or when, we left that accursed house. I only recollect a sarcastic laugh of triumph which echoed in my ear as I crossed its threshold, and thrilled through every fibre of my nerves, for hours afterward. When we reached our rooms I left Andreas, and repaired at once to my own room, for I felt the need of both rest and reflection, and, more than all, of communion with our Heavenly Father!

Strange as it may appear, in the solitude of the succeeding night, I came to the fixed resolution of paying that fearful woman another visit. Not from a wish to conciliate her, not from morbid curiosity, but simply and solely to make one more effort for the rescue of my beloved pupil. A singular determination, you may well say; but I verily believe that my prayers that night were answered, and that the resolve was the result, purely, of Divine direction.

I did not allow my courage time to falter, but went to the house the very next day, and was admitted, as before, without ceremony. I was alone, for I did not think it necessary or prudent to inform De Chastain of my intention; and it was not without considerable nervous trepidation that I met her supercilious glance as she entered. Without circumlocution I stated the object of my visit at once.

"Madame," said I, "I am come to you on a singular errand, but I am sure you are wise enough to understand my motive. I love Andreas de Chastain as though he was my own son, and I suffer when I see that he suffers. I do not know who or what you are, and I do not wish to offend you by any allusion to your life or secrets, but since he has known you, my ward has visibly failed in health, his mind even is affected, and I do not want to see him die of despair."

"And what is all this to me, sir?" she asked, in a clear, ringing voice, with something of impatience in its accents. "Your feelings are nothing to me; and though you call De Chastain your ward, he is not undoubtedly his own master, and privileged to choose his own course?"

"I cannot deny it, madame," I answered, sorrowfully; "but still I beg of you to pause in the evil you are doing him. He is powerless to resist you, and surely you, who possess such extraordinary power, can find neither pleasure nor profit in utterly destroying him."

This was bold language in such a presence, but it appeared rather to please than offend her. "You do not understand the case, doctor," she said, smilingly—and, oh! her smile was enchantment in itself. "I do not mean to destroy, but to preserve him. With my aid he is not abased, but trebly exalted. His fate once indissolubly linked with mine, and we become omnipotent"—and her fierce eyes fairly blazed with the imagined triumph.

"But of what use can he possibly be to you?" I asked, hastily, growing desperate in my need. You pretend to absolute power—he is but a weak and visionary boy. Spare him, spare him! for your own sake, that you may not have the curse of his destruction on your head."

"Curses cannot affect me," she added, in her old haughty manner. "I am above and beyond them. Once for all, doctor, I will not give him up. He is necessary to me, not only for himself, though I love him—oh, how I love him!" (and her voice fell to a tenderness that was absolutely mournful) "but because with his co-operation—his being entirely devoted to me—I can attain the summit of all my hopes and wishes. His will is mine only—his body will shortly be one with mine. He is my slave—my friend—my lover—my second self! I will not give him up!"

I felt at once that my appeal was vain. Selfish ambition and unlawful love were too powerful for me to combat. Mysterious as she was in everything, the evidence that she really loved him, with a passion not to be measured by my weak conceptions, was too plain to be disputed, and I rose from my chair with a deep sigh and a heart so heavy that it weighed me down like a millstone.

With a faint attempt to bid her farewell courteously—for whatever else she might be, she was still a woman—I was crossing the door, when an expression that might have been pity (it most certainly was not conscience) flitted across her features, and she arrested my step by laying her hand upon my arm. As I write I think I still feel the indescribable thrill that rushed through my whole body from the soft contact of that lovely hand.

"Doctor," murmured she, in a soft, cooing tone, like a dove whispering to its mate—"doctor, you are a brave man, a very brave man, to appeal personally to myself to give up my own designs after the warning you have received. I respect you for this courage, though you have opposed and will still attempt to thwart me; and, to show you that I do, I will grant you a favor. I cannot, I will not, give him up, but I promise you, voluntarily, that I will not endeavor to bind him to me by any occult means, or induce him into the arena of my power, which, once accomplished, he cannot escape until he shall be my husband!"

Once more that low, sibilant, sarcastic laugh rang in my ears; the door of the house closed behind with a loud crash, and I found myself under God's free sunlight, gasping for breath, as though I had suddenly risen from the bottom of an icy stream. I cannot attempt to describe in words, and I fear I have failed, as yet, to convey the idea of the terrible influence which this magicienne—this she-demon—exercised over all who came in contact with her. It cannot be explained by any of the ordinary laws of nature—even magnetism or mesmerism seem inadequate to account for it, if all that is claimed for them should be granted; but it was thorough, palpable, complete. The strongest wills succumbed, the stoutest hearts quailed before her, and she walked the earth a very despot over men's volition, in the guise of the morning star!

When I reached my home, a new surprise, but one of a wonderfully different nature, encountered me. On entering the house I found the servants in a state of agitation that rendered their replies perfectly incoherent, and, understanding nothing but that some accident had occurred in which De Chastain seemed to be concerned, I pushed past them with a sinking heart and entered the little study. With mingled relief and astonishment I found Andreas uninjured, but busily engaged in attendance on a young girl, who, stretched upon the couch, lay moaning in evident anguish. With professional reticence I asked no questions then, but promptly aided him in his duty. I found that the young lady's right arm was broken in two places and that her right ankle was severely sprained. She was partly under the influence of ether, which De Chastain had administered, and in less than half an hour our joint efforts had completed the setting and bandaging of her arm and the dressing of the ankle.

While thus employed I had ample opportunity of noting her extraordinary beauty, and also of observing (with what pleasure I need not express) the evident interest and solicitude evinced for her by De Chastain. She was, perhaps, twenty years of age, slightly but perfectly formed, and with one of the most intellectual faces I have ever seen. There was nothing forbidding, however, in its expression—a fault but too common among intellectual beauties. On the contrary, the countenance was inexpressibly gentle and winning, and reminded me immediately of one of Raphael's Madonnas. She possessed, also, a profusion of golden hair, which encircled her head like a glory and added immensely to the completeness of the mental parallel I had drawn. A complexion of clear red and white, a mouth exquisite in its proportions, and a soft blue eye, deep and cool as a crystal spring, yet brimming o'er with a wealth of love and tenderness, completed a picture infinitely

more to my taste than that of Zillah the Sorceress. If the latter might be instanced as the perfect type of brunette beauty, surely my new patient was the beau-ideal of blonde loveliness. The one was an angel fallen into the thrall of friends, the other a seraph, retaining her high estate, and serving constantly at the throne of the Most High.

When we had finished dressing her injuries, it was decided that it would be dangerous to remove her to her own home at once, and accordingly, with the aid of my housekeeper—an old lady, who had been my nurse in bygone days—she was taken to a snug room on the same floor with the study, and comfortably put to bed. We watched her until consciousness was restored and she had fallen into a troubled sleep from the after effects of the ether, and leaving Mrs. Hoyle, my housekeeper, at her side, we retired again to the study.

To my surprise, but not a little to my satisfaction (for a faint hope, based upon his visible solicitude, began to spring up in my mind that possibly this new and more worthy object of interest might help me to wean him from the perniculous passion which had hitherto engrossed him), Andreas at once announced his intention of sitting up that night in the study, so as to be ready if our patient needed further care. I expressed myself pleased with this determination, and directed him to call me at once if any untoward symptoms manifested themselves; and this being settled, he gave me the following explanation of the manner in which she happened to be in our house:

Early that morning he had attended a lecture in the Medical College, and on his return, about an hour before my own, he was passing the Academy of Music, in which a *matinée* had just concluded. The audience were retiring as he passed, and all the carriages but two had driven off. As he turned the corner he heard a loud shout behind him, and, turning, beheld one of the carriages mentioned backing into the horses of the other. The latter became frightened at once, and started off at a gallop toward the corner where he stood. The coachman was not on the box, but had just opened the door for a lady, who was stepping in when the horses started. The man was thrown down by the wheel, and the lady, with one foot on the step, clung to the bottom of the carriage, on which she had been flung by the shock. The horses dashed madly down the street, the carriage swaying violently from side to side, while the open door of the vehicle, swinging to and fro, was bruising the lady terribly.

As they turned the corner, the off hind wheel of the coach struck violently against a hydrant placed there, and during the momentary check Andreas suddenly gained presence of mind to spring forward to the rescue. At the hazard of his life, he darted between the hydrant and the fore wheel, and succeeded, by a desperate exertion, in lifting the lady out of the carriage; but the next moment the hind wheel struck him in the back and flung both himself and the lady over the low hydrant into the gutter. As he rose to his feet, he saw the carriage, now broken and tottering, hurrying toward the river, at the heels of the maddened steeds.

Finding that he was able to stand and move, though he had thought every rib in his body was fractured, his first care was for the lady, whom he lifted upon the sidewalk, and thence to the steps of the Academy. A crowd instantly gathered, and he made immediate inquiries as to who the lady was; but, to his astonishment, no one knew her. The driver of the carriage stated that his vehicle was a hack, which had been engaged by the lady at his stand, and that he had never seen her before. The lady was entirely unconscious, and, under the circumstances, he decided to bring her to our house, which was at no great distance. The owners of the other carriage instantly and kindly placed it at his disposal, expressing regret at the accident, and to his great satisfaction he succeeded in conveying her safely to the couch in the study before she had quite regained her senses. He had administered the ether when she did so, because her groans made it evident that she was suffering terribly, and he was proceeding to do the best he could for her injuries when I fortunately arrived.

Of course I commended his action in every particular, and I saw with joy that he was very well pleased with himself. The romance of the affair, both as regarded the rescue and the singularity of the fact that our fair patient was still unknown to us, rendered his attraction toward her quite manifest, and I was not sorry to see that her personal charms had afterward made a strong impression upon his ardent heart. I went to bed that night with a growing hope that, with the aid of this unknown angel, he might yet be rescued from the fatal love which had been hurrying him to despair.

Our patient passed a more comfortable night than could have been expected, and when we visited her the next morning, she was able to converse. Her tone was rendered somewhat mournful by suffering, and to my intense surprise, I recognized in the first words she uttered, the same voice that I had heard repeating the prayer, "Lord save me, or I perish!" in the air above my head, on the night that De Chastain had confided his secret to me. This singular coincidence—for then I thought it nothing more—somehow strengthened the hope in which I had begun to indulge, and it was with a light heart that I listened to what she had to tell us of herself.

It appeared that she was the only daughter of the Hon. Arthur Lee, a statesman of note, and a man both wealthy and respected by all who knew him. The account she gave of her being untended at the time of the accident was very simple. She had engaged to go to the *matinée* with a party of her friends, but had been detained at a store where she had gone to make some purchases, until she thought it too late to return to the hotel to meet them. Thinking that she would

find them at the Academy, and knowing that it was customary for ladies to go alone to these morning operas, she sent out for a hackney coach and proceeded thither direct from the store. The audience was larger than she had anticipated, and she did not succeed in finding her friends, but as she was a passionate lover of music, she decided to remain until the conclusion of the performance, promising herself a hearty laugh with her friends at having witnessed the opera without their knowledge.

She now begged of us to send a messenger at once to the St. Nicholas, where her friends were staying, to break the intelligence of her accident to her father, and bring him to her. She knew that he would suffer terribly until tidings of her were brought to him, and desired that there might be no delay. De Chastain at once volunteered to go, and seemed much embarrassed by the thanks which she lavished upon him, which confusion I deemed another good omen for the success of the plan I had already determined.

In less than an hour De Chastain returned with Mr. Lee, whom he had found half frantic at the mysterious disappearance of his daughter, and offering incredible rewards for news of her. He was a man of striking presence, venerable and dignified, but now much agitated with mingled feelings of joy at having found her and sorrow at her injuries. The interview between them was too sacred for intrusion; but when we were again summoned, the evident delight in the countenance of our suffering patient, and the joy and gratitude expressed by her father, satisfied me that no injury would result to her from the excitement—for happiness rarely kills.

The gratitude of Mr. Lee for the little we had been able to do was earnestly expressed, but without extravagance. The warm pressure of a hand that evidently had his heart in it—as the homely but significant proverb saith—and the few low, but emphatic words by which he expressed to Andreas his appreciation of the noble act of daring through which, under God, his daughter had been rescued from death, brought a vivid blush to De Chastain's pale cheek, and made my heart beat high with pride and hope. He approved of all we had done, and assented, without false delicacy, to our request that he would allow his daughter to remain under our roof, he also taking up his abode with us. My house being a bachelor's establishment, we had plenty of room to spare, and I decidedly expressed my conviction that it would be dangerous to attempt to move our patient for some time to come; and when I said as much, he acquiesced without argument, merely saying that he felt this new proof of our kindness deeply, and could never forget it.

Arthur Lee was a man worthy of such a daughter, and one whom it was impossible to look at without respect, or to know without loving. Upright, honorable and just, religious without fanaticism, polite and affable without familiarity, he was indeed a gentleman, a man whom a long course of public life had left without a stain or even the shadow of a suspicion against his honor. There are not many such, and when we do meet them a white stone should mark the day in our calendar.

Thus the future blessing of our lives came home to us, and I praise God daily, as I think of the singular providence evolved in the accident which brought her to us for His beneficence and wisdom. For six weeks, which seemed but six days, so patiently she bore her sufferings, and by her gentle sweetness lightened our anxiety, Amy Lee never left her bed. De Chastain wore himself to a shadow by his unremitting watchfulness, and was never content if an hour passed without definite tidings from her.

When at last it was deemed prudent to allow her to be moved, he fitted up the couch in the little study in such a manner that a Sybarite would have thought it a comfortable resting-place, and turned the cozy room itself into a perfect bower, with all sorts of delicate ornaments and flowers. Day after day, during all the hours she was permitted to remain there, Andreas and her father bore her company in my old familiar haunt, and I never noticed that my sanctum was no longer my own, for it seemed to me that an angel had hallowed it and made it still more home-like than before.

As time passed and they became better acquainted with De Chastain, Mr. Lee would often leave the young people together while he attended to pressing duties. They soon grew to be like brother and sister. I do not think I can use a stronger term for their intimacy at this time—indeed, I am sure that they know not that they loved, until future and terrible events brought about the disclosure. One great source of consolation to me was the matter of most of their conversations. On several occasions I entered when they were in the midst of animated colloquy, and found that Andreas was learning from her the great mystery of true religion. It seemed a singular subject for two young and ardent people, interested deeply in each other, to engage in, but it had evidently grown upon them without design on either part. Neither fanaticism, asceticism, or cant were found in Amy's vocabulary, and modestly, though impressively, yet without the slightest premeditation, she was unconsciously leading the soul of my beloved pupil homeward to the footstool of his Maker.

A NOVEL ILLUSTRATION OF THE TELEGRAPH.—A most ludicrous conversation took place a few weeks ago in a small village near Paris. Two peasants were discussing about the war between Austria and Prussia, when one of them remarked that he could not understand how messages could be sent by the electric telegraph. His companion, after having tried to make him comprehend the manner in which the telegraph works, at last, struck with a bright idea, exclaimed: "Imagine that the telegraph is an immense long dog—so long that its head is at Vienna and its tail at Paris. Well, tread on its tail, which is in Paris, and it will bark in Vienna! Do you understand now, stupid, what the telegraph is like?" "Oh, yes," replied the other, "I have an idea now what a telegraph must be."

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN FRAZEE'S LIFE-RAFT.

For a considerable number of years past Captain Lawrence F. Frazee, an officer long and well-known in the command of vessels of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and others, and now of the William Cook, has been devoting a part of his attention to the invention of a life-boat or raft for the landing of passengers from wrecked vessels, which should obviate the difficulties always experienced with previous inventions. He succeeded in perfecting (as he then thought) one in 1854, but found the invention "pirated," as he expresses it, almost immediately. As a revenge, he has been ever since that time engaged in endeavoring to destroy the value of the piracy by inventing another and better. Having now perfected the second invention, and secured a patent on the 10th of July, 1886, arrangements have been for some time in progress for putting the invention before the people—arrangements which we are happy to forward by supplying an excellent illustration of the life-boat in the act of landing, and by noticing, with that brevity enforced by the present pressure of matters of interest, the experiments made with it. The first of these took place on the 6th of September; the steamer *Meta* having taken down a distinguished party to the surf off Long Branch, with the boat on board, and launched and sent it ashore through the breakers with such success as to command the unqualified endorsement of Captain Faunce, of the Revenue Service; Messrs. Weeks, Matthews and Douglas, United States Local Inspectors of Steamers; Captain Simpson, of the *Richard Stockton*; Messrs. Ogden, Lethers and others, well-known in the shipping and commercial interest. The success of the trial induced a second, which took place on Tuesday, the 18th, and it is of that second trial that we supply an illustration, though one of our corps (Mr. D. B. Gulick) was present and an endorser at the first trial.

The steamer *William Cook* left Pier No. 1, North River, at eleven, on Tuesday morning, with members of the press on board, and with a number of guests of note, among whom may be named Captain Faunce, of the revenue cutter *Cuyahoga*; Captain Luce (once of the *Arctic*); E. More, Esq., of the *New York Bar*; Richards Kingland, Esq.; Erasmus Brooks, Esq., of the *Express*; besides representatives of the Pacific Mail and other steamship companies, and of other interests specially concerned in the event of the experiment. The Cook was accompanied down the bay and to Long Branch by the cutter *Kankakee*, Captain Slicer, acting as escort to the steamer and Captain Faunce. The run down was a pleasant one, occupying some two hours, the steamer anchoring off the Continental and Mansion House at Long Branch at 1 P. M. During the run down an opportunity was given of inspecting the new invention, of which a very brief description only can be given. The life-boat or raft is some eighteen feet in length by five feet in width and twenty inches in depth, and in shape is very much what a cigar would be with the two ends each cut off three-eighths of an inch, and the remainder pressed so as to form a flat on each side. It is constructed of galvanized iron, with a coating of wood without, and when closed presents a flat surface at the top and bottom (the two sides being precisely alike), except that there is at each end a movable or flap bow, which can be adjusted to throw the sheer downward, whichever side may come up in throwing overboard. When arranged for use, the middle of the upper side opens and shows a locker, with oars, a mast, etc., while in the hollow spaces of the sides are breakers for water, closets for provisions, etc. Railings rise at either side, too, and are braced up, supporting the passengers as well as giving means of holding on; while in each of them is a row-lock for rowing, and an eye at either end gives facilities for either steering or sculling with an oar. The weight of this first model is about twelve hundred pounds; but the inventor believes that boats of twenty feet in length and six feet wide can be constructed not to weigh beyond eight hundred or nine hundred pounds. The invention is certainly most compact and complete; and not a shadow of doubt remains in the mind of any intelligent observer that a great life-saving desideratum has been attained, and that at no distant day the Frazee life-raft will be found on board all well-appointed sea-going steamers, as well as used on ferry-boats, and possibly deposited at life-saving stations on the various coasts.

The experiment off Long Branch, in the second instance, was eminently successful, as had been the first. In the presence not only of the company with the boats, but of many hundreds gathered on the beach and in front of the boarding-houses, the raft was shot overboard from the forward gangway of the Cook, with two men upon it, coming up "all right," as was inevitable. Then five more joined them, the mast was raised, a square-rigged sail, and the boat thus formed went shoreward, landing through the moderate surf without difficulty, and so easily, in fact, that some of the voyagers stepped ashore without even wetting their feet. But the best test was found in coming off again, when the raft was kept for several minutes in the very break of the surf, broadside to, and yet no more affected by waves that would have turned over the best surf-boat, except in very skillful hands, than she would have been by ripples of a mill-pond. The experiment was concluded by the raft paying a visit, under oars, to the cutter, which had arrived somewhat in arrears of the steamer; while the interest of the occasion was materially added to by the salutes and dipping flags from the shore, and the coming off of a surf-boat with some of the old shoremen and residents, giving an opportunity for viewing the ordinary mode of launching that description of boat in a surf, and also of comparing the two modes of transit among breakers.

On the way back to the city, the plentiful collation of the downward run was repeated, with the addition of very pleasant brief speeches by Captain Frazee, Captain Faunce, Mr. Brooks, and others, and with the signing of a very emphatic endorsement of the invention by the whole company—who had, however, an hour earlier, and under circumstances less open to the charge of being influenced by conviviality, given another and quite as valuable an endorsement, in the general exclamation which ran round the vessel after the launch and landing of the raft—that, but for the absence of dry clothes, not one of the company but would have been glad to make the landing in so unimpeachably safe a conveyance; and that, in the invention, if properly applied, shipwreck has certainly been deprived of a large proportion of its terrors, and an important life-saving problem solved for humanity. Captain Frazee must clearly be congratulated upon having sprung at once to an honored place among inventors; and the revenue interest of the port, well represented by Captain Faunce, is entitled to thanks for its fostering hand to so meritorious an enterprise.

This very pleasant excursion and experiment terminated by Captain Frazee returning his guests and the Cook to town a few minutes in advance of the time promised (4 o'clock P. M.), with the thanks of the guests very freely extended for that punctuality, and for the self-denial which he had displayed in not wrecking the

whole party on the Jersey coast, and thus giving a practical (and wet) illustration of the necessity of his *Life Raft*!

"LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT."

In connection with the illustration of Captain Frazee's raft, we give, on the same page, this week, an engraving which seems to have peculiar appropriateness beside it—that of "Launching the Life-Boat," the original of which is a painting of marked force in drawing and excellence in color, by Moran, of Philadelphia, for some time on exhibition at one of the Academies. The perils of the coast are very strikingly indicated in this excellent picture—the fierce, angry curl of the breakers seeming to convey the absolute sound of their hungry roar, while the doomed ship in the distance almost forces the stretching out of the spectator's hand to aid her; and the dangerous labor with which the life-boat is being removed from the wagon that has conveyed it, tells anew the story of that laboring heroism which has been so often (and, alas! often so unavailingly) exhibited on the American coast, as on all the stormy sea-coasts of the world.

A SPANISH STORY.

SPAIN, the land of story, has given birth to more "romances of real life" than, perhaps, any other country. Notwithstanding the singular way in which, in that country, insurrectionary movements are put down, yet the land is periodically convulsed by a recurrence of the disease. During these times many are the tales of horror which are told, for the most part being a slightly colored version of the truth. The following tragedy has but lately occurred, a sad corollary to the last insurrection:

Narvaez's amnesty was but a respite, or rather a snare, to throw the Liberals off their guard. Foul deeds go on, and, worse still, people are massacred, and the helpless and wounded run through and through with bayonets, just as in the palmy days from 1851 to 1854. For such purposes recourse is had to the services of the civil guards, and especially those famous *Mozos de la Escudra*, whose savage exploits were recounted in January last, when they fired point-blank upon the elegant crowd of promenaders under the arcades of the *Place Royale* of Barcelona. Don Vincent Marti (commonly called "Roy de las Barcas") was one of the richest and most esteemed landed proprietors of Martorell. He was at one time an ardent partisan of Prim, in whose last pronunciamento he took part; but in January last he quarreled with Prim, because the latter would not transfer the theatre of his operations to Catalonia. Ever since he has lived quietly on his property. He rallied to O'Donnell, and was considered so much a man of order that since May last he dined almost daily with the Captain-General Cotonor. But he refused, in spite of threats and entreaties, to pronounce for Narvaez, and, therefore, although he did no hostile act, it was resolved to take his life. On August 11th an armed force surrounded his house and made him a prisoner, one of the *Mozos* telling him that he would be taken to Barcelona, where "his affair would be settled." Marti knew what this meant, as did his brother and his friends. If they must die, they said it was better to die with arms in their hands than to serve as targets for trembling recruits to shoot at.

They collected together to the number of thirty, and, armed with blunderbusses, proceeded to the railway-station, with the intention of securing the prisoner. Finding the waiting-room full of people, they fired at the ceiling, and brought down a shower of dust and plaster; at the same moment, M. Marti's brother, a man of herculean strength, knocked down both the guards, who were holding the prisoner on either side. A combat ensued. M. Marti was run through the belly by a bayonet, and his bowels gushed out. One of his party, with the blow of a gunstock, knocked down the *Mozo* who had inflicted the wound, and two of the band laying hold of M. Marti, the whole party made off with him into the field, hoping to find a hiding-place.

The *Mozos*, recovering from the surprise caused by the dust shower in the railway-station, pursued the fugitives, and came up with them in an olive grove. M. Marti's party, protected by the trunks of old trees, forced the *Mozos* to retreat, and, after an hour's march, they found a spot where they thought M. Marti might be concealed, but he, feeling himself dying, told them to leave him and save themselves. Three hours later the *Mozos*, guided by blood marks on the ground, came to the spot where the unfortunate M. Marti was lying alone. "Ah, ha!" they said, "this time you shall not escape us." Instead of putting a ball through the head of the dying man, they recalled him to a sense of life by pricks with the bayonet's point, and stabbed him all over in so many places that you could not have lain a crown piece upon any unwounded part of his body.

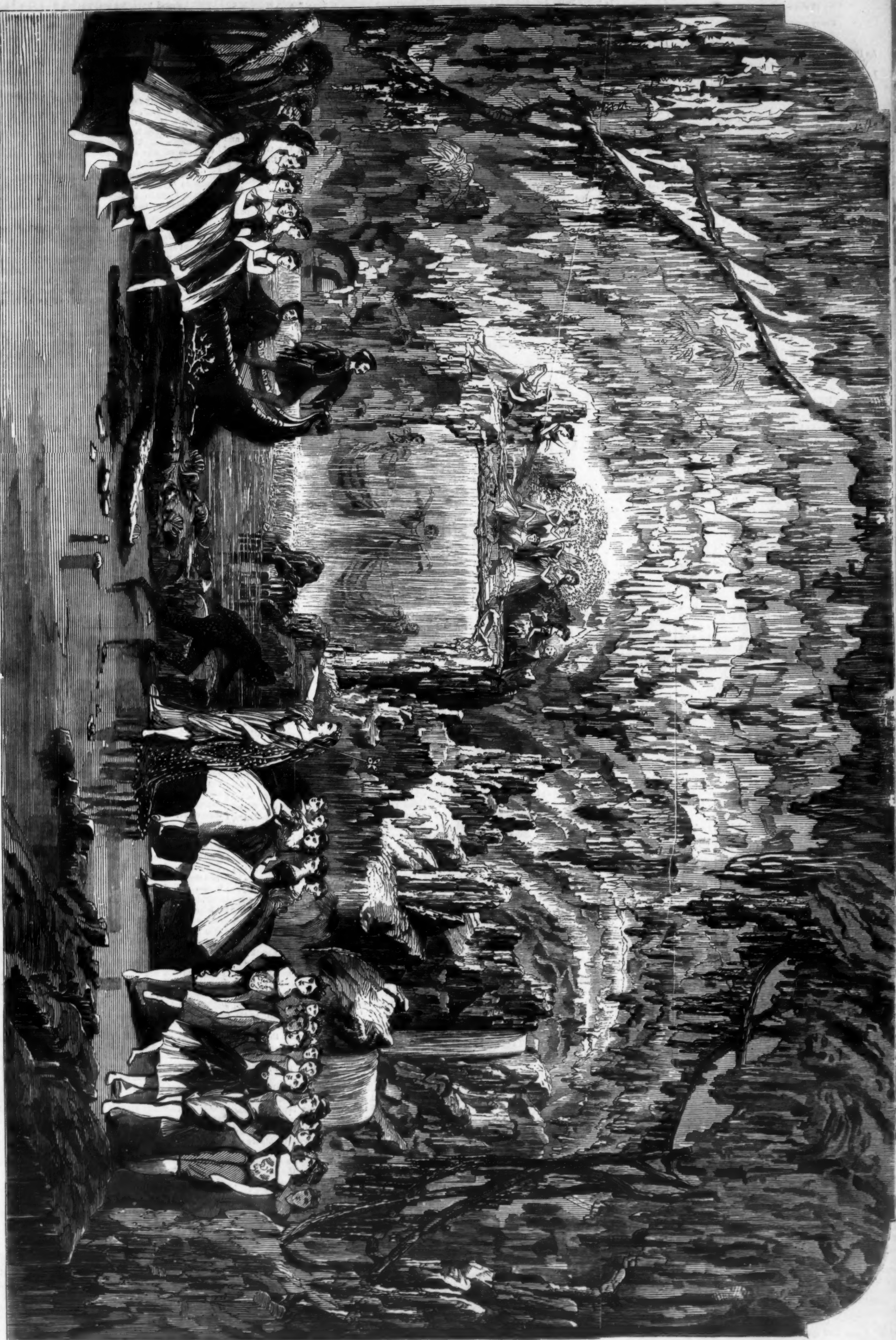
The indignation in the country is so great that the Captain-General felt it necessary to come to Martorell in person with an entire regiment. The band, headed by the deceased's brother, swells every day, and a good many of the *Mozos*, who are fighting with them, have been killed. It is certain M. Marti was murdered in cold blood, for he was lying, helpless and alone, with a death-wound, which he had received three hours before he was backed to death.

THE LAWS OF HEALTH.—There are few things with which the majority of us are less acquainted than with our own organization, and the conditions upon which our bodily health depends. And yet it is much more important that we should learn how to avoid disease and to cherish health in ourselves and in those who are dear to us, than that we should possess a knowledge of the dead languages or any other lore included in the ordinary round of collegiate education. Physiology should be taught in all our seminaries and educational institutes. Whoever understands even the leading principles of this valuable science must regard with regret the manner in which its laws are set at naught by society at large. In their dress, in their diet, in their household economy, in their business pursuits, in their amusements, in a thousand things that they do and neglect to do, three-fourths of the community as habitually and constantly violate the rules of hygiene as if their aim were to break down their constitutions and shorten their lives. Surely, if everybody knew the physiological consequences of over-stimulating the brain, of neglecting to protect the lungs, of over-eating the stomach, of breathing impure air, we should have less drinking, less consumption, less dyspepsia, fewer of all the ills, not that flesh is heir to, but that it incites upon itself by its own folly, than we have at present. If physiology and the conditions of health were universally understood, the mortality of the human race, in large towns especially, would be materially diminished.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.—Great Britain pays annually \$1,000,000 for dried carcases of that tiny insect known as the cochineal; while another, also peculiar to India, gum-sin-lac, or rather its production, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the fibres spun by the silkworm, of which the annual circulating medium is said to be \$250,000,000. In England alone, to say nothing of the other parts of Europe, \$500,000 are spent every year in the purchase of foreign honey, while the value of that which is native is not mentioned, and all that is the work of the bee; but this makes no mention of 10,000 lb of wax imported every year. Besides all this, there are the gallinules, used for dyestuff and making ink; the cantharides, or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In fact, every insect is contributing in some way, directly or indirectly, in swelling the amount of commercial profits.



APPALLING CALAMITY AT JOHNSTOWN, PA., ON FRIDAY, SEPT. 14TH, CAUSED BY THE FALLING OF A RAILROAD BRIDGE CROWDED WITH THE CITIZENS OF THE TOWN, DURING THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND, STILL-FOUR PERSONS KILLED AND OVER 350 WOUNDED.—SEARCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. H. BOWWELL.—SEE PAGE 44



GREAT SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT OF THE "BLACK CROOK," SPECTACLE NOW PERFORMING AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK—THE "GROTTO OF STALACTA," WITH NYMPHS, SPIRITS, AND LEADING CHARACTER.

SEE "PARIS IN AMERICA," IN "TOWN GOSSETT,"—PAGE 35.

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

(From Lucullus.)

Freely rendered into English,

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

As PLUTUS, one day, in his chariot of gold,
Was languidly taking a ride,
Looking, spite of his riches, amazingly old,
Though docketed out with particular pride,
He met with young Cupid, who, staid in his flight
By the wealthy God's dazzling array,
Fluttered joyously round on his pinions of light,
Highly pleased with the tempting display.
"Ride with me," said Plutus; "all this you may share;
Ride with me, and Tyrian robes you may wear."

All delighted, the boy-god jumped into the car,
Little dreaming the roads were so rough,
But repenting his rashness, before he went far,
He cried, "Stop! I've been jolted enough.
Pray excuse me, friend Plutus: though rich be the prize
You obligingly offered to me,
Your realm is the gloomy earth, mine the bright skies,
'Tis not likely that we should agree.
Farewell!" said the boy, as he mounted in air,
"The heart that gold worships, love never can share."

POLICEMAN M'CARTHY'S WIFE:

An omitted Chapter (XX.) of "The Days of Shoddy."

BY HENRY MORFORD.

THE overstrained nerves failed still worse when the soldier's wife had reached the street with her child. Nature, which had been so strong for a few moments, grew weaker and weaker with the reaction. She tottered away from the stoop of the house, which seemed for the moment so morally leprous—tottered even beneath the slight weight of her child. Mentally, she was in an even worse condition. Her "resources" of thought, as yet, had gone no further than the mere hope of leaving the house unharmed, and she had as yet shaken off none of the deadly fear oppressing her at the moment of the first revelation. The possibility of protection from any of her neighbors was altogether ignored, if not forgotten: perhaps it was not forgotten, but the whole soul of the woman revolted against being placed in a false position before people with whom she had held so little sympathy. She forgot, too, for the moment, that there was any such thing as law in the land—that she had not fallen back into those past ages in which the strong hand was unchecked by any legal restraint, or been suddenly transported to some country where the hand of a great noble could stretch out and grasp the property or the person of one of the common people without fear or hindrance. Mad as the thought really was, the poor little woman at that moment believed that if she was detected in her flight by either the merchant or Sarah, whom he had so shamelessly declared to be his accomplice, she could be returned by force to the house, and subjected to all the perils from which she had temporarily escaped. Nay, the tortured mind went even further. She believed that if she succeeded in finding shelter, and the place of her retreat should be discovered, the net would again close around her feet, and she have no more power to free herself than the bird snared by the fowler.

It was now nearly or quite ten o'clock, and all the doors of the houses on the block seemed to be closed, and no one observed her from any of the piazzas, as the bare-headed wife staggered along the sidewalk toward the Third avenue. Suddenly there was a step that came ringing up from the direction of the Second. There was to the fugitive, just then, but one step in the whole human race—that of her tempter and tyrant. She believed that the merchant had discovered her flight, that the step was his, and that the next moment, if he saw her, she would feel his grasp again on her arm, and be dragged back to the house of which he had taken such demoniacal possession.

She had passed the houses at the lower end of the block, and was then coming opposite the open space on the upper side of Forty-eighth street, to which reference has before been made. Several large masses of loose rock, weighing tons each, were lying at a little distance back in the open lot, unremoved since blasting, and she had often seen the squalid children of the neighborhood playing bo-peep and hide-and-seek behind and around them. Some artist in whitewash, coming home with a pail not entirely exhausted, had expended a few brushfuls, as a prank, on the fronts of one or two of the rocks, and they caught her eye through the dusk, as it glared round for a means of escape, just as that of a convict who had just broken prison, or a fugitive from one of the traditional English private mad-houses, might have done under similar circumstances.

Instantly, and with all the remains of her failing strength, as she heard what she believed to be that pursuing foot ringing on the sidewalk, she turned away from the street and dodged into the open lot, to seek concealment behind the rocks until the danger should be past. The footstep was coming nearer, and in her haste to escape it she stepped into some inequality of the broken ground, or her foot caught in some obstruction, and she fell heavily forward, cruelly bruising her tender limbs on the stony fragments, partially awaking poor little Pet, terribly soiling her own garments, and, in the effort to save the child, receiving a blow on the fair forehead, just under the verge of the blonde hair, which almost stunned her and quite sent the blood trickling

down her face, her collar and dress and the clothes of the child, completing the shameful disfigurement.

But little Pet did not fully wake from the shock, so sheltered was she by the parental arms, so that the added danger of her crying was escaped. And the poor mother, half-stunned, still managed to retain her senses and to restrain the wild cry of pain and terror that rose to her lips. Sick, bruised and faint, she regained her feet, and staggered and almost crept till she could crouch behind one of the sheltering rocks. Oh, could Burnett Haviland but have seen the wife of his love then, and known the straits to which she had become reduced by his patriotic absence and the tyranny of wealth and pride, it is not sure but that even the cause of the country would have sunk into insignificance in his view, and it is certain that his lips would have syllabled even a more terrible curse than that which they afterward uttered under the erroneous belief of his dishonor.

The frightening step passed by, up the sidewalk. It was not that of the merchant, who was yet engaged in his short vigil for the woman who had locked the door, or in the search which followed it. There sounded no other step, and the frightened woman crept from behind the sheltering rock, and staggered out again into the street. During those dreadful moments, in that shelter, a new thought had come into her mind. She would seek protection of the police, if one of the blue-coated guardians could be found. They ought to be able to guard her, or at least to find her shelter for the night, away from the two whom she now feared almost equally—Charles Holt and Sarah Sanderson.

The grocery to which Sarah had gone was on the right-hand corner of Third avenue, the same side as that she was traversing, and she must not be met, any more than her employer. There was generally a policeman to be found at the corner, not very far (for reasons unexplained by either the fugitive or the writer) from the liquor-store that occupied that on the left. The young wife dodged across the streets to the vacant lots, with the little blacksmith's shop opposite, and, with the remainder of her failing strength, heedless of the blood streaming down her face and disfiguring her garments, presented herself to the guardian of the city peace, who stood at his usual post.

"Kape off, woman; what is it that yez want?" was the not unnatural exclamation and inquiry of the startled official, as he saw by the light of the corner lamp a woman with bloody face, soiled clothes, and a child rather hanging than being carried in her arms, staggering up to him and seizing him convulsively by the arm.

"Protect me—take care of me—take me to the police-office!" was the imploration of the young wife, who did not even know enough of the organization of the force to be aware of the name of a "station-house."

"To the station-house, do yez say?" queried the policeman, who rejoiced, as his previous exclamation has shown, in that blood which made Brian Borohme brave and Phil Curran witty, and which has supplied not a few of his calling to the metropolis. With Mary Haviland's disheveled hair, the blood on her face, and the disorder and soiled condition of her clothing and that of the child, any appearance of her respectable standing in society was completely hidden, and she presented to the eyes of the policeman, when he found an opportunity to examine her for one moment, only the aspect of some poor lost woman who had been cruelly beaten and turned out of doors by a wretch grown tired of her, or of some vagrant and possible thief of still more suspicious character. And Miles McCarthy, patrolman of the Nineteenth Precinct, did nothing more than almost any other person would have done under corresponding circumstances: for human nature is suspicious, ever since Eve's favorite washerwoman decamped with the spoons, and the first practical joke was played upon Adam by young Abel putting Chinese fire-crackers into his pocket and touching them off with the end of a firebrand "hooked" from the box-stove; and we do not expect to find angels in bloody faces and soiled garments, or reputable wives and mothers running bare-headed about the streets and accosting policemen after the ordinary hour for bed.

So reasoned Miles McCarthy, and to the previous inquiry he added:

"And what the devil for do yez want to go to the station-house? Sure yez've not been stalin', or yez'd not tell of it, and it's so warrum out in the strate that it's not a lodgin' yez be wantin' wid the thaves and the likes o' them."

"Oh, no, my good man, you misunderstand me," Mary Haviland managed to say. "Take me to the police-office where I can be safe until morning, and I will bless you forever."

The policeman took a second and more careful look, and in the sweet face that could not be altogether disfigured even by the changes that had fallen upon it, and in the pleading tones and terrified position of the young wife, he saw something to change his opinion very materially. His next words, though equally surprised, were very much more respectful.

"And who is it, ma'am, that's threatening to hurt a nate little woman that's the likes of you? And how did the blood come on your face and the dirt on your dress? Oeh, murder, but it's a shame! There—don't be scared—devil a man will disturb yez now, any way."

"Oh, do not stay here any longer on the corner, where some one may see me. Come this way," pleaded the poor wife, afraid that some glimpse might be caught of her by one of those she regarded as her pursuers. And pulling at the coat of the policeman with the one disengaged hand, she dragged him away from the corner of Forty-eighth down the sidewalk of the avenue to Forty-seventh, where she felt that her danger (a danger imaginary, as the reader well knows, but terribly real to her) would be less imminent.

"Tell me what it is, ma'am. Indade I mustn't go

off me best widout callin'," said the policeman; and then, in a few but burning words, sobbing and half-choked meanwhile with the newly-awakened feeling of terror, she told the officer, without the mention of a single name, enough to inform him that she was the honest wife of a gentleman and a soldier, who was absent from home with one of the New York regiments; that she had been betrayed by her servant and insulted by a visitor when alone and unprotected in the house, and that she had fled away for protection, not daring to leave any clue to her whereabouts that could lead to pursuit and further persecution.

In some respects the story may have seemed very improbable, but there is some unknown and indescribable manner in which the Goddess of Truth sets her seal upon the every lip that habitually utters the words of her worship. Besides, there was no motive for the falsehood, if falsehood it was; and before the few and broken words were half concluded, Miles McCarthy had taken his club from its sheath, and made up his vigorous mind that he would go back with the outraged woman to her home, and that if either male or female chanced to be there, disposed to offer further insult or injury to the person who had thus been thrown upon his protection, he would either make an arrest in the line of his duty, or he would do a little business outside the line of his duty by soundly "lathering" the "opposing forces."

"The curse of Cain on the whole o' thim, ma'am," he said. "That's the good that the money does, any way. But come down wid me, and we'll see if any o' thim steals yez again."

"Oh, no, not for the world!" broke out the wife, in an agony of terror. "I would rather die than go back there! You don't know what you say, my good man! Do take me somewhere, where I can stay till morning in safety."

Miles McCarthy at that juncture may have considered the woman a fool, but he, no doubt, recognized that reserved right which we all claim, to be fools, or even maniacs, if we please! He yielded the point at once, as many another rough, strong man has yielded what he was certain was dictated by his best judgment, at the bidding of a little, weak and almost insignificant person of the opposite sex, who happened to know enough to lead instead of attempting to drive him!

"Oeh then, ma'am, I won't insist upon yez going back to the house if yez don't mind," was his reply. "But sure I can't take you to the station-house, for yez'd be as much out of place there as a kitten among rat-terriers. Couldn't yez think of some friend's house in the city? I'd be invidin' yez, ma'am, to my own house, till the mornin', but that it is a poor one and not fit for a lady."

See how rapidly the opinions of the policeman had changed! Three minutes before, believing that he was speaking to one of the most unfortunate if not one of the most guilty of her sex; now addressing her as a lady!

"Some friend's house?" Where had the poor woman such a blessing—so little acquainted in the city with any one to whom she could entrust the painful details of this last and worst episode in her life! Ah! there was one, only thought of at that late moment, but who should have been remembered among the first. She did not even know the residence of the clergyman, who ministered in the little church which she and her husband had been in the habit of attending in "better days," or naturally her thoughts might have turned to him and to his family, as the stricken in all ages have cast their eyes for sympathy and succor toward the ministers of true religion—that "broad church" which begins with a creed but does not end there, and which takes in all the needs of humanity. The one friend whom she did remember, as well as his residence, was good old Dr. — (he would not thank the writer for mentioning his name in this connection, well as he will remember, thus reminded of it, the incident under narration), whose office and residence were on one of the avenues nearer the north side of the town, but nearly opposite, as to distance, up the island. He had won the heart of the mother, months before, by his skill and kind feeling when little Pet was threatened with the fever; and though she had seen him on but a few occasions, she knew that there was a wise brain under the white hair, and a big heart under the capacious waistcoat; of his family she knew nothing, except that he had a wife and daughters; but what other than a good and gentle family could belong to the benevolent physician? Mary Haviland's mind was made up in a moment after the thought entered it; if the policeman would accompany her, she would present herself to the good old doctor, tell him so much of her story as might be necessary, crave shelter for the night, and afterward—what heaven might direct!

A few rapid words communicated her new thought to the policeman, and it struck his practical fancy at once.

"Sure, ma'am," he said, "the doctor's just the place for yez, av yer sure of his character. Yez'll be almost sick wid that big bruise on your head, and he can be curin' it for yez. It's as much as me place is worth, ma'am, to lave my beat for long; but yez'll not go alone, afther all that rough threatment; and if yez can only hurry, ma'am—Bud what have I been thinkin' of? Sure you have been carrying the little rosebud all the while. Give her to me, ma'am, and I'll carry her as aisy as the snow-flakes fall."

Mary Haviland, really almost fainting with the weight of the child, that had been all this while on her arm and shoulder, handed the still sleeping little Pet to the kind-hearted policeman, who took hold of her with the tenderness of all the angels, but the grace which a male bear might be supposed to display when suddenly put in charge of one of the cubs by the promiscuous Mrs. Bruin. And the oddly-matched couple were about to cross the avenue on their journey of corresponding oddity, when a new thought came into the active brain of Miles McCarthy.

"Oeh, ma'am," he said, "it will never do for yez to be goin' over to the avenue widout a bon-

net, and wid that blood on yer purty face. It's a poor house I have, ma'am, but it's just round the corner, beyant; and if yez will but just honor a poor man for once, Norah (that's my wife, ma'am), will lend yez something to throw over yer head, and a clane towel for a moment."

And before the wife, if she had any intention of objecting, had time to do so, Miles McCarthy, with Pet in his arms, strode round the corner and a few doors round the block on Forty-seventh street, the lady following after her child, if not after its bearer, precisely as the sheep of the mountain is said to be coaxed along to the desired pasture by its lamb borne in the arms of the shepherd. The policeman looked up at the windows of the brick house he approached—a tenement one of the middle order—and said:

"There's no light, ma'am. Norah must have gone to bed, tired wid her day's work. But I'll have a light in a moment, and yez needn't be afraid, ma'am, to come into the house of a poor Irishman."

"Pray, my good man, do not disturb your family!" Mary Haviland, in the midst of the excitement and novelty of the whole situation, found voice to say. If she had strength and thought to answer him further, she would have said that, after the glance caught at the friendship of the rich, within the last hour, he could not have offered a stronger inducement to win her confidence than the name of *honesty poverty*!

But all those words and movements had not occupied so long in reality as they have taken in the telling; and in a moment Miles McCarthy, with a protestation that there was "no disturbance whatever, ma'am," had opened the door with his night-key, showing a dimly-lighted stair covered with a coarse carpet, and passed up it with the child still in his arms, followed by the mother, who had little expected, one brief hour before, to be making a night call of that peculiar character. And she had certainly still less expected that other phase in character and experience which was so soon after to be opened to her eyes.

The dim light which had shone down the lower stair proceeded from the story above, where some late comer was evidently waited for. On the floor occupied by the policeman, with the exception of that ray of light, all was darkness as all was silence. Miles McCarthy, with the child still in his arms, opened the door leading in from the hall to the living apartments, while Mary Haviland stood at the head of the stair, something of her late fright actually overcome by the oddity of the whole position. The policeman seemed to be groping about, in his somewhat awkward, one-armed way, for matches and a candle, when a sudden and unexpected interruption occurred.

Mrs. Norah McCarthy was not in bed, "tired after her hard day's work," as her husband had believed. After supper and the administering of the proper correction to little Mike, aged nine, and still littler Molshee, aged seven, and still more infinitesimal Pauden, aged four-and-a-half, and forcing all of those upholders of the future dignity of the McCarthys into their one bed in the room adjoining that where the policeman was prosecuting his search for matches and a candle under difficulties—Mrs. Norah McCarthy had informed those off-shoots of the parental tree that she would "skin them alive, wid the paler of a switch over dhe mantel, if they dared to stir until she came back," and had then and thereupon, leaving them in various degrees of fear and sobbing, run around to Mrs. McGinnis's, above the corner, to inquire after the "rheumatis" affecting that estimable person. Beguiled by the conversation of her crosby, she had overstaid the time of her original calculation to the extent of an hour, and was hurrying back to her own roof-tree, a little apprehensive that Molshee might be wandering disconsolately in the coal-cellar, in her scanty night-raidment, crying after her, or that Pauden might have taken one of his periodical falls over the banisters and be a mangled corpse in the ball floor below—at the time when the search for the combustible materials commenced.

Like her husband, Mrs. McCarthy admitted herself with a night-key, but unlike him she wore thin shoes and made little noise upon the stair. The result of which was that Mary Haviland, listening to the operations of her ally within the room, only faintly heard the shutting of the street door and did not hear the foot of the hostess coming up the stair. Another result was, that Mrs. McCarthy, hurrying up the stair, in the dim light did not perceive that any person stood at the head of it, and ran foul of Mary Haviland with great violence, at the same moment when the policeman, having found his combustible materials, struck a match and the whole was illuminated by the ghastly blue light. The glimpse that she caught of the figure of a man within, with the woman waiting outside, made the fact so palpable that thieves had entered the house during her absence, and were about robbing it, that the Hibernian lady uttered a ferocious yell, seized poor Mary Haviland partially by the shoulders and partially by the hair of her head, and dragged her to the door of the room, as if at once to see what the intruder might be like and to do collective battle with the whole band of burglars, male and female. As may be supposed, Mary Haviland, thus rudely attacked, screamed in her turn, under the impression that she must have been inveigled into that house, after all, to be murdered, if nothing worse; Master Pauden, from the inner room, sleeping fitfully and awakened by the noise, joined in with a howl which did credit to his respiratory organs; and Miles McCarthy, hearing the noise without and within, uttered an oath of athletic proportions, and rushed madly to the door, with the just-lighted candle in his hand.

The scene was striking, if not classic; but the various poses were not retained long enough to have satisfied an exacting audience. Mrs. Norah McCarthy, recognizing her husband, let go Mary Haviland's hair and shoulders, jumping from one

unfavorable conclusion to another with great rapidity, and yelling out in a high contralto:

"Miles McCarthy! oh, the despicable villain! the dirty spalpeen!"

Mary Haviland, released, rushed toward the policeman and her yet unwakened child, as the only possible refuge, crying, in a trembling soprano:

"Oh, do save me from this woman! Do take her away!"

While the policeman, quite as surprised as either of the others, supplied a heavy baritone, almost a bass, to the concert, by the exclamation:

"My wife, be the piper that played before Moses! An' what the devil is it that ye'r doing out at this time o' night, woman?"

"Is it what I've been doing out, yer askin'?" screamed the Hibernian wife, loudly as volubly. "I've been at Mrs. McGinnis's, an' honest woman, more betoken, Miles McCarthy, and that's what ye can't say for the likes o' them as comes into my house while I am gone! Only look at her! all blood and dirt, an' as oogle as Molly Brannigan's cat! and ye'r not content wid trapesin' about wid her in the strate, but ye'r must bring her into me house the moment me back is turned, to disgrace me!"

Poor Mary Haviland understood the coarse insinuation in a moment, little as her ears had been accustomed to such language. All the vials of the wrath of fortune seemed to be poured out on her in one fell tide, and she stood speechless with shame and misery; for within one hour, from a happy mother, if not a happy wife, and the honored mistress of a comfortable home, she had fallen so low, without fault of her own, as to be reviled by a coarse woman as the paramour of a patrolman!

The wife of the absent soldier was right in her intuition. Mrs. Norah McCarthy, a wiry little black-haired Irishwoman, with a freckled face and a nose almost arched in the sharpness of its upward curve, was altogether a coarser person than the stout, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed and sandy-haired man whom she called husband. As he had risen in intelligence and respectability from a common day-laborer to be one of the most efficient patrolmen in the precinct, retaining his broad brogue and his warm Irish heart, but surrounding her with comforts that she had once thought far beyond her reach, she had not risen with him. She was just the same coarse, spiteful, ignorant, industrious torment that she had ever been, and the worse to him because he, mixing more with a more intelligent world than of old, had grown worthy of something better. And to this had been added jealousy as unreasonable as unavoidable. From the day when Miles McCarthy first put on the decent blue of the police uniform, though he wore it to earn bread for himself and family, and did not think himself specially honored by that "livery" more than any other, she had considered him "above work" and "dressed up," contrasted his clothes with those she wore, and either believed or affected to believe (it is no matter which, for the ends of domestic happiness or even domestic endurance), that he spent a large proportion of his time in clandestine correspondence with every description of women crowded between Yorkville and the City Hall Park, while the truth was, that the worthy Irishman's moderate salary sufficed for little or nothing beyond the actual needs of himself and family, and that he had not a single qualification for either the Adonis or the Don Juan.

In the present instance Mrs. McCarthy, forgetting that her husband could not have known of her absence, had not the ghost of a doubt that he had taken advantage of it to introduce into his house this poor lost creature out of the streets, and she reviled in the fiery manner before shown.

It is highly probable that Miles McCarthy, who had never ceased to love his torment of his life, or to think the mother of his troublesome children the best of wives and mothers after all, had seen some developments of this passion in previous instances, for the accusation did not seem to move him seriously. He merely said, when she had finished her abusive tirade:

"Will ye hold yer whistle, woman? Don't ye see that it is a lady that yer talkin' before—a real lady, that has been insulted and abused, and that I'm going to take to her friends as soon as she can wash the blood from her face and put on one of the old bonnets that ye'r 'il lind her to kape the night air from her head?"

But jealousy is the torrent of all torrents least easily dammed. Mrs. Norah McCarthy had not yet altered her opinion, or "had her say." She flung out in return:

"Sorra the bonnet she'll get in this house, Miles McCarthy, an' ye know it. Party friends ye'r 'il be takin' her to, ye miserable omadhaun! An' if it's her baby face ye'r wants to wash, fair the gutter's clane enough for that same, any time! Ugh! that brat ye've there in yer arms—who knows but yer the father of it, Miles McCarthy, to the burnin' shame and disgrace o' yerself and yer miserable wife!"

All this time, let it be remembered, the policeman had held little Pet on one arm and carried the lighted candle in the other hand. At this culmination of the insults offered to himself and his temporary guest, he turned to a small table standing near, set down the candle, then returned and mutely handed the still sleeping child to its mother, who received it in corresponding silence. Then he advanced to the infuriated woman, looked her very squarely in the face, and without any tremor in his voice, or any sign of excitement, said:

"Mistress Norah McCarthy, do ye see the door of that room?" pointing at the same time to that of the bed-room. His wife might have said that she did see it, and almost that she heard it, for periodical yells from small Paulie had been coming thence during all this scene, and once Mollie, in a very short slip-coat as becometh the

hot weather, had been seen peeping round the jamb at the mysteries of the outer world.

"Well, what if I do see it?" was the sneering reply of the woman with the threatening nose and the freckles.

"Just get into it quick, woman; or be the howly poker ye'r'll be there widout knowin' what moved ye'r!"

"Put me in there if ye'r dare, Miles McCarthy!" was the defiant answer.

"Oh, pray, pray, good people, do not quarrel on my account!" implored the miserable cause of all this domestic discussion, at last finding her voice. "Let me go away and find some other means of shelter."

"Not a step, ma'am, until I'm ready to go wid ye'r!" was the concise reply of the policeman to Mary Haviland, while to his wife he addressed the very different and strikingly suggestive remark:

"I told ye'r to get into that room, and ye'r didn't mind. Now see how aisy ye'r'll move, widout either a cart or a wheelbarrow!"

And before Mrs. Norah McCarthy could fairly have been aware that the act of her banishment was being committed by the unscrupulous authority in power, she was seized around the waist with equal firmness and tenderness, carried into the room, in spite of struggles, screams and kicks (in a part of which at least two of the three children joined her), deposited there in the dark, and the key turned upon her from the outside. And from that sacred bower of domestic happiness then and thereupon arose a compound of noises not easily described, blended of the screams and wails of the children, the bangings of the feet of the enraged woman against the door, and the utterances of her infuriated tongue:

"Let me out! Let me out this instant, Miles McCarthy, ye devil! Oh, howly Mother, what will become av me, murdered, and kilt, and shut up here in the darruk, be me brute av a man! Kape still, Pat, ye little devil, or I'll larrup ye'r widin an inch av yer life! Let me out! Let me out! Oh, it's being dishgraced I am—the saints forget that schoundrel!"

There were momentary pauses in this furious ebullition; and in one of them, Mary Haviland—the sense of the ridiculous, lying away down at the bottom of her nature, being touched at last—actually forgot her troubles so far as to laugh at the ludicrous character of the whole affair. The policeman, who was just bringing her a bowl of water and a towel from a little closet adjoining, to remove the blood from her face, saw and approved the manifestation of recovered spirits, by saying:

"That's right, ma'am! If ye'r know how much a smile becomes yer purty face, ye'd be laughing all the time; and ye'r couldn't aisy find anything funnier than the mad cat in the closet there!"

There was hush enough to enable Mrs. Norah McCarthy to hear at least a part of these words—the important ones; and a still more furious storm of enraged words and kicks against the door was the result.

"Oh, howly Mother av all the saints, only hearken till that schoundrel! It's calling me a mad cat he is—me, his honest wife and the mother av his childer—the worse luck to him!—while he's givin' that dirty thing out av the strate purty names and makin' love to her under my very nose, only I can't see em for the door and the darruk! Let me out, I tell ye'r, Miles McCarthy, or ye'r'll be sorry for it till the last day av yer drunken life!"

By the time Mary Haviland, naturally anxious to reach some less impeachable place of shelter, and equally desirous to escape from many more volleys of the enraged woman's tongue, had used the towel, the water and the little glass that the kind policeman brought her, removed the blood that had dried upon her face, and smoothed away the worst dishevelment of her hair, her male waiting-maid standing by and holding the child meanwhile, with such a look of quizzical humor, blended with both, on his honest face, that her spirits and self-possession were better sustained than they might have been by much more congenial surroundings.

Mrs. McCarthy was right when she said that "devil a bonnet" would her husband find for the lady under his charge, for when he had locked his wife into her bedroom, he discovered that he had also locked up the bonnets, such as they were, in an adjoining closet. But he found a couple of shawls, and throwing one over the head of Mary Haviland, and wrapping the other around Pet, who had slept through all with an exquisite sense of the fitness of things, he once more took his guest under guidance, and they descended the stairs to the street.

"Oh, pray do not leave your wife locked up in the room," said the anxious woman, as they were going; "who knows what may happen to her while you are gone?"

"Bless yer kind heart for the word, ma'am, after her abusin' ye'r in that manner," answered the policeman. "But, indade, she'll ahtay where she is till I come in from my beat, at three in the mornin'. And ye'r needn't worry, ma'am; she'll kape widout the laste trouble in life!"

It really seemed that fate, tired of pouring out on the head of the poor wife its before-mentioned vials of wrath, had finally desisted, for no other adventure interposed; and twenty minutes afterward, escorted by the policeman, still carrying her child, Mary Haviland reached the house of old Dr. —, on that avenue of which we have lost the number.

"Why, God bless my soul, Mrs. Haviland! What are you doing here at this time of night, with your child, and in such a situation?" was his surprised exclamation, when he recognized, as he instantly did, the face of the young wife. But the manner in which he took her hand and drew her within doors, evidenced that, whatever the cause of the singular appearance, the rites of hospitality were to be unhesitatingly tendered.

"I will tell you all, and why I come to you for

shelter, in one moment, doctor, as soon as I have thanked this kind, good man, who has taken so much pains to serve me," said the wife, somewhat recovered now from her terrible agitation.

And unloaded of the child, but loaded with thanks and blessings, which he will probably bear with him as a pleasant memory until his dying day, Miles McCarthy, policeman and hero, left the doctor's door and hurried back to his duty on the Third Avenue.

THE FLIGHT.

BY ADA E. VROOMAN.

I.
We sailed beneath the yellow moon,
And left behind a wake of foam,
So swiftly through the night's pale noon,
We fled from hateful Rome.

The tawny Tiber swiftly bore
Our bark toward the far-off sea,
Beyond which lay the blessed shore—
Our Land of Promise yet to be.

And, as we sailed, the nightingale
For Ithylus made saddest moan,
A shower of roses, faint and pale,
Were from an open casement thrown.

A waft of perfume came and went,
From violets hidden 'neath the pines,
A spray of amilace softly bent
To greet us, from its vines.

And one upon a palace stair,
Sang soft of love, and pleasure—
How dearer far a tress of hair
Might be than piled treasure—

How dearer far one honeyed kiss
From lips both true and loving,
Than gold, or gems, or sound of this
False world's most loud approving.

And as the singing fainter grew,
Athwart the widening spaces,
A ray of triumph glittered through
Our passionate, sad faces.

One yearning kiss, too swiftly sweet,
One sigh, the time wrung from us,
Then—bated breath and silence meet
For what might come upon us.

And it did come! Ah me, at last,
We heard the sound of rowing,
Of muttered curses thick and fast,
Above the Tiber's flowing.

A shadow shot across our path,
My kinsmen's faces glimmered near,
While in that light with deadly wrath—
My heart stood still for fear.

The world spun round before my eyes,
My lover's star-like face grew dim,
Black Death stood up in hideous guise,
And stretched its arms to him.

Ah me! ah me! the clash of steel,
The deep-drawn breaths, the red warm rain
That dripped and dripped! The piteous reel
Of him who fell * * * and all in vain.

II.
No more, no more, ah never more!
That star-like face shall bend above me,
Alone upon Life's desolate shore
I walk, with none to love me.

From palace windows red with light
I lean above the lonely river,
I touch my robes of bridal white
With deadly chill and shiver.

My bridegroom waits upon the stair,
The wedding guests are smiling,
The wedding bells upon the air
Ring out with mad beguiling.

But, oh! my bridegroom waits in vain!
His arms shall clasp me never!
Oh world! oh time! oh grief or pain!
Oh life, farewell for ever!

The Man Who Can't Find Anything.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

I AM generally set down—I suppose justly—as an unbeliever, an infidel, because I will not receive the assertions of others without some corroborative evidence being presented to my own senses. How can I? If things are to be seen, why don't I see them? If things exist, why don't they make their visible appearance? If events happen, why am I debarred from my due share in the exercise of the organs of vision upon them, especially when I take so much trouble to be in the very locality in which they are to occur, and in which, by some legerdemain or other, others find them without any considerable difficulty? I have become, to some extent, an outcast; I am aware of the fact, from my inability to make any change in the general current of events which keeps me in this miserable state of doubt and confusion.

I have no alternative but to consider the world as an egregious swindle, and to reckon those who continually use so many efforts for deceiving me as swindlers. I wish it to be understood that one of the Latin maxims which I learned at school, and one of the few which I have not forgotten, is *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, which being interpreted for the benefit of those who have for-

gotten all they learned at school, means, "False in one respect, false in all." If I find that any thing is entirely different from what it has been represented to be in one particular, am I not justified in believing that a still more serious deficiency exists—in fact, that the deficient article does not exist at all? If not, I do not know precisely where the bounds of human credence are to be set—what I am to believe, or what I am to disbelieve. I take the only safe course—finding nothing as I have been promised it, I believe in nothing.

I well remember in earlier days, and when I had the leisure for occasional visits to the country, being invited to partake of certain fruits which grew in the grounds or the gardens of friends, and as an additional privilege I was permitted to pluck them with my own hands. Among the fruits I remember one called the strawberry, which is said to grow on long and very leafy vines running along the ground.

I have been shown bowls of that delicacy at supper, and informed that they were picked from such vines as I have indicated, and that no particular skill was necessary in their discovery. Kindly inducted into the grounds where they were reported to grow, I have made the effort at discovery, and signally failed.

I never could find a strawberry on any such vines, and yet I have been abused, berated, laughed at, even scoffed at, because, failing to satisfy myself by the evidence of my own senses that they were there, I necessarily disbelieved the whole story, set down the toothsome berries as the product of some other clime, brought over for the especial purpose of puzzling me, and the whole proceeding an attempt on my good nature.

Later I have seen steamboats coming up the harbor, with pictures of immense fish with glaring eyes and prickly fins, floating on streamers from the flag-staffs and the walking-beams, and with long strings of fish of the same character hanging on ropes from one awning-post to another. Reports have been industriously circulated that such fish, in such quantities, could be caught, even by persons unskilled in the piscatorial art, by going in the same steamer to the Cholera Banks, the Long Branch Banks, the rocks of Romer Shoal, or some other appropriate locality. I have been inveigled into partially believing these statements long enough to induce me to purchase fishing-lines and a dinner basket, buy bait, squander passage money, lose a day of valuable time, spoil a suit of clothes, be very sea-sick, and come home very much sunburned, very damp, flabby and uncomfortable. It is unnecessary to say that I never caught a fish, or that I ever saw one caught by any one else. Of course I have been told, thereupon, that the day did not happen to be favorable—"that they caught any quantity the day before"—and that "from the prospect, there would be capital fishing to-morrow," etc., etc.

Now is it to be supposed that I should a second time fall a victim to these specious declarations? Of course not. I put it to any man of common sense whether I do not display my judgment and perspicuity in holding that the whole idea of catching fish there was a humbug and a swindle, that none were ever caught there, and that the strings of fish before-mentioned were brought from some section where angling is really possible, with nothing more nor less than bait?

I pass over innumerable minor instances in which I have been swindled into the payment of a quarter by outside pictures of certain shows, representing snakes of forty feet long and a foot in diameter, while inside I could never find anything larger than five or six feet long by two or three inches in diameter; by enthusiastic representations of terrific hybrid biped monsters in shaggy hair, who proved, when closely viewed, to be little niggers in fustian; by handbills, announcing Siddonses, who turned out to be Simple Susans, and Keans, who were only "keen" on the beat; by Dramatic Fund Benefits, in which everybody was announced and nobody appeared; by operas, in which the *prima donna* announced was always sick, and the *tenor* always affected with a bad cold, so that neither could appear. I pass over all these things, I say, having come to the comfortable conclusion in each instance that the whole thing announced and never carried out was a myth and a swindle.

Letting all these things go for what they may have been worth, which is very little, I come upon the latest attempt made upon my credulity, and but for which I should probably not have been driven to the utterance of this general complaint.

I saw in the papers, a few days ago, that some one was to make a balloon ascension from Thingamy Garden; and I saw in the same papers, a day or two after, that he had ascended, and what became of him.

Under ordinary circumstances, even after the Lowe myth, I might have been deluded, like the rest of the world; but in this instance I happen to know better. People never go up in balloons at all. They only pretend to do so, for the sake of extracting certain quarters, as in the other instance. I went to Thingamy Garden at four o'clock, the time advertised. The crowd was there—the balloon was there—the man was there. I waited till a quarter to five, and there they remained, a speech being made once in a while to get up a hurra and entice in more outsiders. It is supposed that after I went away the balloon went up. Not at all. Only let Mr. Whats-his-name establish that, and some of us will be after our quarters again. No! I understand the whole balloon business. They never do go up. They keep the people waiting until dark, then hide the balloon, and send slips to the papers, containing whatever they wish to have published in the morning. I do not believe the balloons can go up. I don't believe one-tenth part of the things announced on the dead-walls can be done at all. I am getting too old to be humbugged, and write this for the especial purpose of putting people on their guard. Don't believe that anything exists that you can never manage to find.

DISASTER AT JOHNSTOWN, PA.

On another page will be found a graphic picture of the breaking down of the bridge at Johnstown, Pa., some fifty miles from Pittsburgh, on Friday, the 14th September, while the crowd were assembled to cheer the departing President Johnson, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, etc. Many of the details of the disaster have already been given, but a few additional items of special interest have been picked up by our special artist, who visited the scene immediately after the calamity. The bridge was a wooden one, of some forty feet span, over a ravine of some twenty feet in depth, that had formerly been a canal, but now occupied by a railroad track running along the bottom, and connecting with one of the iron mills (in which, by the way, consists much of the prosperity of Johnstown, a place of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, with the largest rolling mill in America, and completely surrounded by coal and iron mines). The cars of the Presidential train were just moving away, the President had gone in from the platform, and General Grant, Admiral Farragut and Colonel Cowan were answering the cheers of the crowd, when the bridge gave way in the centre from the rottenness of the timbers of the string-pieces, not less than four or five hundred people being thus precipitated with violence into the bottom of the ravine, through a sort of funnel formed by the timbers, crushing, mangling and smothering the mass in a manner begging description. Painfully enough, the loudness of the cheers prevented the screams and groans being heard at first, so that a large portion of the crowd were still cheering, while others were rushing in horror to the scene. The extent of the calamity may be conceived from the fact that, while only four dead were taken from the ruins, upward of three hundred and fifty were injured, many with arms broken, legs broken, backs wrenched and bruised, arms and legs both broken, and the injuries of no small number of such a character as to make death probable. Of course such an acci-



THE COLLAPSE OF THE BRIDGE AT JOHNSTOWN, PA., SHOWING THE BODIES OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED LIES AMONG THE DEBRIS.

part, appear to be severely blamed for allowing it to stand with timbers of doubtful soundness, and it is very possible that a considerable number of prosecutions may add increased pecuniary loss to the bodily suffering and sorrow of the calamity.

WEST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Forty-second Street.

This elegant edifice, of which we give a picture in the present number, stands on West Forty-second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues; was finished about one year since, by Mr. J. Wrey Mold, architect, in a style of architecture commanding much attention for the oddity as well as beauty of the design, which probably approaches nearer to the Byzantine than any other; will probably accommodate from eight hundred to a thousand worshippers; offers peculiar attractions, in the novelty of the interior decorations and arrangement, as well as the light; has an organ exciting much pride in the congregation and admiration in all hearers; and is served, at present, by Rev. Dr. Hastings, formerly of the church of the same name in Carmine street, whose popularity and usefulness are generally admitted.

THE NORTH CAROLINA MARKET-CART.

If the South has lost some of its "institutions" through and during the war, it has certainly some remaining. Among them is the market-cart (of which an illustration is elsewhere given), used for carrying all the produce, etc., to the Wilmington market, while something very like it is used in the neighborhood of Norfolk and Richmond, Va., except that in the latter places a cover is generally added. The North Carolina cart is a feature in itself, but quite as much so in the harness, which is always beautifully unique, each proprietor making one for himself out of rope-yarns, strings, and old straps. The artist has, with much skill, at the same time indicated a corduroy road and a worm fence—both "institutions" likewise; and thrown in (as if for good measure) a colored "freedwoman," carrying water on her head, the usual mode of transportation, in which those sable females vie with the Dutch and Italians.

THE PEABODY DWELLINGS IN LONDON.

We give, this week, a comprehensive engraving of the block of buildings erected at the corner of Commercial and White Lion streets, Bishopgate, London, for the London workmen, through the liberality of George Peabody, Esq., the eminent American banker, the erection consuming a considerable portion of the £150,000 which formed his munificent donation to the interests of the London poor. As will be remembered, in recognition of this benevolence, the Queen sent Mr. Peabody her picture, and offered him a Baronetage, or the Order of the Bath, both of which honors he declined in favor of his position as an American citizen. The great features of the Peabody dwellings are that they present, without the appearance of a modern French chateau of the largest dimensions, conveying to the resident some pride in inhabiting such a building; that they have "all the modern improvements," of water, gas, etc.; and that, with all these conveniences supplied, they are still rented to the occupants at a mere bagatelle of what inferior dwellings cost in other localities.

he had been reading to his lovely cousin, and surveyed her curiously.

"Why, Ned, I have heard every word. But let me see! The Lady of Shiloh was half sick of shadows; I am tired to death of them." And Emma Clinton leaned her forehead against the window-pane and looked out into the gathering twilight. She was a sweet girl, with her expressive hazel eyes and transparent complexion; but there was a sadness and mystery in her manner which, to her happy, buoyant cousin, was inexplicable.

They were not first cousins, but quite distantly related. Their families had always been very intimate, and in this way it came to pass that Emma and Ned had been thrown much together. Each recognized in the other a congenial spirit, and time never hung heavily upon their hands. Yet Ned was engaged to be married to an aristocratic young lady in the extremely aristocratic town of Newport; and though no one had ever dared hint even at the possibility of Emma's suffering a heart-pang in consequence, yet there were those, among whom were Emma's father and mother, who believed that their daughter was entangled in a hopeless love-mesh.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

BY NELLIE AMES.

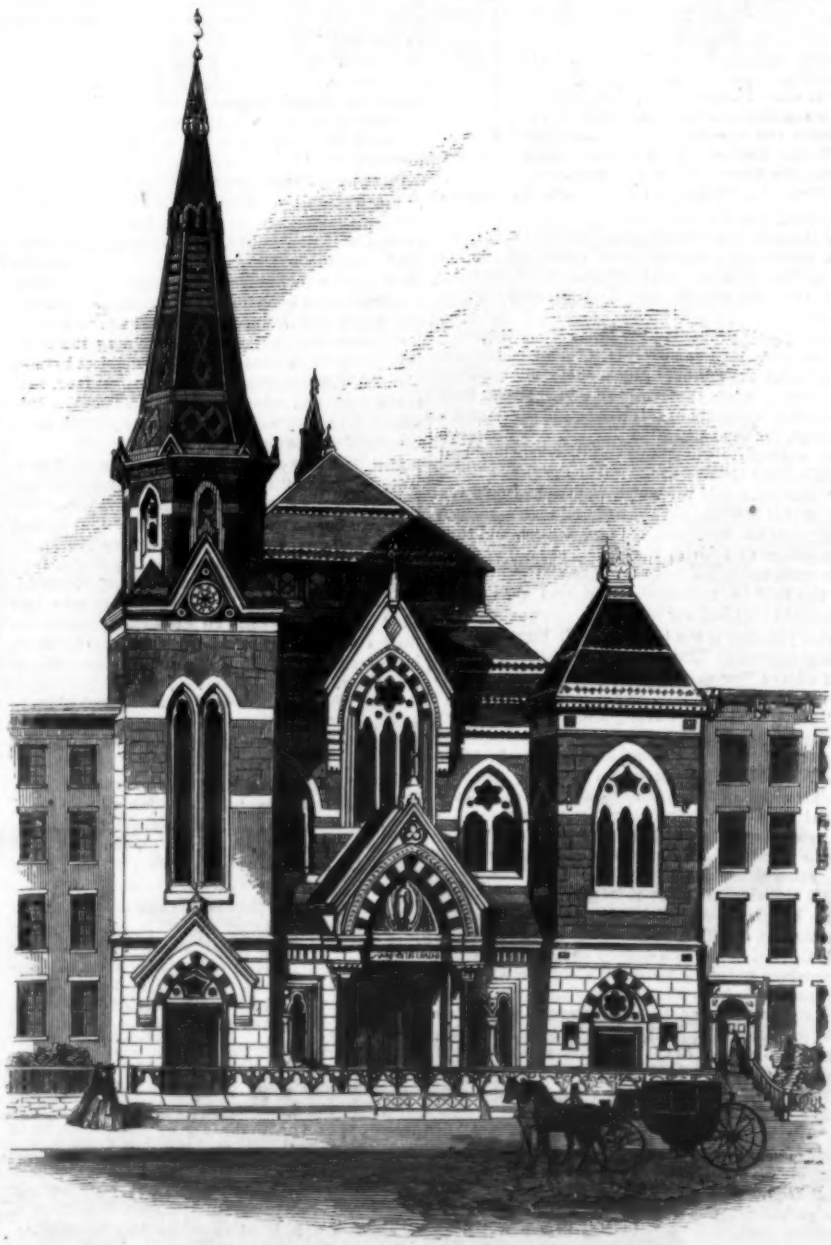
"You don't seem to be listening, Emma. I scarcely think you have heard a word." Edward Desmond closed the book from which

For some time past Emma had secluded herself from society. Doting Emma's mother knew from what time—since the declaration of Ned's engagement. Not a remark was even suggesting it made to the young lady by any members of the family, for they all suspected the state of the case, and felt almost provoked with Ned that he could be so



MISS LETITIA CANNON, THE BELLE OF JOHNSTOWN, PA., SERIOUSLY INJURED IN THE LATE CALAMITY.—FROM A PHOTO BY GEO. SLATTER, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

dent has thrown the whole section into mourning and suffering, as almost all the victims were of the immediate neighborhood, and the sensation caused is no common one. Some of the incidents connected with the fall are worth noting especially; one, that of the injuries, probably nine-tenths were the result, not of the fall itself, but of being wedged and jammed by and among others, the heap at the bottom being about six feet high, writhing humanity; another, that the most beautiful girl in the town (of whom a portrait is given in this number), was among the injured and narrowly escaped; still another, that the celerity and vigor with which assistance was rendered to the injured seemed almost exceptional, even women taking heavy men on their backs and bearing them away for aid, and one poor little fellow who went down with the others, but did not chance to be severely hurt, having leisure to look after the safety of his poor maimed dog! The railroad company, of whose platform the bridge formed



WEST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FORTY-SECOND STREET, BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH AVENUES.—REV. DR. HASTINGS, PASTOR.

unconscious of Emma's superiority, as the fact of his engagement with another lady made evident. The only one who ever bantered her at all in regard to the change in her tastes and manners was Ned himself, who, poor fellow, did it innocently enough, and without the remotest idea that his "dear Cousin Emma" cared a fig more for him than any other fellow in the world.

Ned sat still looking at her, and trying in vain to find a solution to the enigma which had so long troubled him.

"Shadows!" said he, slowly, "shadows! Why, Emma dear, what shadows can haunt you? You must be growing morbid and melancholy. I shall speak to uncle about the necessity of taking you abroad for a change of scene. If I had not been so long acquainted with you, and understood you so perfectly, I should suppose that you were in love. Upon my word, you have all the symptoms."

Emma blushed scarlet but met his eyes courageously, and replied:

"In love! Well, that would be strange. Who with, Cousin Ned? Deacon Waterbury, or the widower next door with half a dozen children?" And Emma laughed merrily. "I will tell you what is the matter with me. I am ennuied and disgusted with this tread-mill sort of a life. There is no variety, no society, no nothing here, except, indeed, when the fashionables of New York and other cities flee from the scorching heat to the sea-shore. Then it is lively enough; but who cares to live all the year in misery just in anticipation of a few brief weeks of happiness? I wish from the bottom of my heart that I was a thousand miles away from this miserable, one-sided town!"

Ned listened to this curious outburst with a strange mixture of feelings. Once she was so fond of him, that to leave home for a week was a terrible thing to be borne—only in a cousinly way, of course—but still there was a spice of jealousy in his tone when he replied:

"Why, Emma, you were not wont to be so desirous of leaving your home and friends. I can remember the time, cousin," and he threw his arm round her waist and kissed the delicate cheek, "that you felt badly at leaving poor Ned; and now you are in haste to rid yourself of me forever. I have always thought, Emma, that if all other earthly love failed me, you would still be true and loving; and I never expected to meet the time when the chief wish of your heart would be to leave me. I have no idea what I could do without you."

"Do try and talk sense, Edward," replied Emma, irritably, at the same time withdrawing herself from his embrace. "If I remember rightly, you informed me, not long since, that you had at last succeeded in finding perfect happiness. If that be so, the simple fact of my absence would not be likely to produce any effect, save a

little cousinly regret that I should feel, perchance, if I knew you were to think seriously of leaving the home of your childhood."

"Why, Emma, can it be that I have been mistaken in your love all these years? That you would feel no regret at parting from me indefinitely, perhaps forever? Good heavens, this is terrible! I know that of late you had grown moody—and—and—but I never before dreamed you could be so utterly reckless of a fellow's feelings."

Oh, how every word sent a stab to Emma's heart! and yet she knew, to hide her love, she must have recourse to some artifice, and so, arising from her chair, and preparing to leave the room, said, while her voice trembled with its deep-toned passion:

"Ned, if I have wounded your feelings, do forgive me. My heart is heavy to-night, and I scarcely knew what I did say; so let's think no more about it. And isn't it time," continued she, smiling pleasantly, and looking at her watch, "that you started for your lady love's? It is past eight, and I fear she may think you are not coming."

"Emma, I wish you would allow me to remain with you this evening. I feel strongly opposed to leaving. Somehow, it seems to me that I shall never see you again. Can it be that you have imparted a portion of your misery and unrest to me? I never felt so strangely in my life. Emma, won't you ask me to spend the evening with you?"

"It would not be treating Clara as I should like to be treated, were I in her place. So I shall not invite you this evening; but some other, when you have no engagement, we will have one of the good old-fashioned times—that is, if I can possi-

bly summon together spirits sufficient to make it enjoyable."

And so they parted by the door, in the tender moonlight, Edward perfectly unaware that the sensation, so unpleasant and unaccountable, which had come over him so suddenly, was only another and more earnest attempt of the god of love to bring him to his senses.

He had some strange thoughts when he left Emma, but he shook off, so far as he was able, the unhappy influence, and presented himself to his betrothed almost as serene as was his wont.

Clara Bristow was the handsomest girl in town. No one ever dared dispute it. But there were those who declared that no amount of physical beauty could compensate for the moral and intellectual discrepancies which actually existed under this charming exterior. She was untruthful and ungenerous, with no intellectual merit whatever; and yet she had attended the most fashionable boarding-school in the country, and had a smattering of French and a few showy accomplishments, which deceived a few, and that was all. Ned was blinded by her beauty, and as yet no cloud had arisen to dim for a moment the sun shine of their love; he was in blissful ignorance of any ugly qualities. To him she was always sweet and charming; but this evening there seemed to be a shade of something hanging over the usually brilliant Ned which resisted all her fascination to dispel. Conversation turned upon troubles, heart troubles, family jars, and etc., and Ned expressed himself pretty freely in regard to his likes and dislikes, to all of which Clara listened with that deference she always bestowed upon him. In the midst of their conversation, a friend of Clara's was announced, whom report said had been her affianced before he was unfortunate enough to lose his foot in the army.

This had, of course, reached Ned's ears, but he had never given it any thought, supposing it to be one of the idle rumors with which every town and village is full; but this evening, being in a humor for something a little out of the ordinary routine, he determined to ask her the plain question; so when the visitor had departed Ned asked in his matter-of-fact, practical style, for which he was especially distinguished:

"Clara, was Clarence Freeman anything to you before he went into the army?"

"Why—what a question, Ned! What could have put so preposterous an idea into your head, dear?" and the temptingly rosy lips were just the least bit in the world pouted, and a little flush of something—Ned could hardly discriminate whether it were shame or indignation—rose to her temples.

"That is not answering my question, Clara," and Ned looked into her soul with his calm, dark eyes; and Clara winced.

"He did make love to me, Ned; and I

should have told you voluntarily, only I felt that it might appear like boasting of one's conquests."

"Not at all, Clara; I can't look at it in that light. It was only right that I should know. But did you not reciprocate his affection?"

"You are very inquisitive, Ned. If I had ever loved him, do you suppose I could have met him as I did this evening?"

"I should think not; but all things are possible with you women, I have heard. But I have heard also that you were engaged, until after you received the intelligence that he had lost his foot, poor fellow—and then you cast him off."

What had taken possession of Ned this evening? He seemed to be carried forward irresistibly—for never before, since their engagement, had he alluded even to a single unpleasant circumstance.

"Do you have an idea, Edward Dresmond, that I would marry a man who was deformed?"

"Not if you loved him before the sad event?"

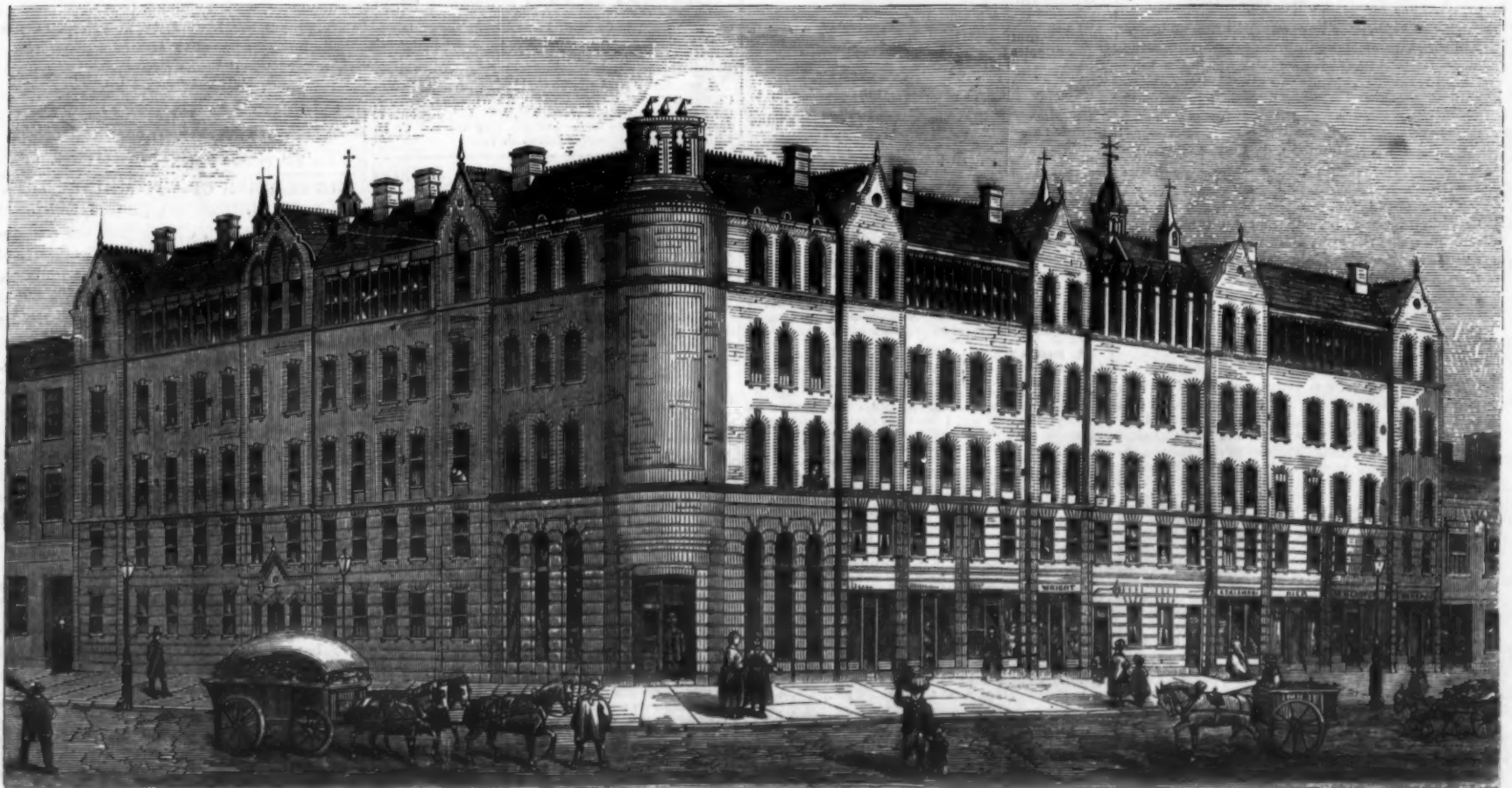
"No; I am sure I would never unite myself in marriage to any man—not if I loved him better than my life—if he were deformed. I should always be ashamed of him, so what would be the use?"

"Well, suppose for a moment," continued Ned, evincing an almost insane delight in pursuing the subject—"suppose that, by any now unforeseen accident, I should have become maimed, or blind, or in any shape or style less presentable than at present, would not the ardent love you have professed for me so many, many times, be whole-souled and devoted enough to love me better because I was unfortunate?"

"Ned, you are ridiculous to-night! You know right well no such terrible calamity is at all likely to happen, so for pity's sake let's drop the disagreeable subject."



NORTH CAROLINA MARKET CART.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



MODEL DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR, IN LONDON, ERECTED BY THE AMERICAN BANKER, GEORGE FRABODY, ESQ.

"Certainly, if you are annoyed, dear," and the subject was changed, and Clara thought it forgotten; but she was mistaken. Ned Dresmond was never known to forget anything; so it happened that a few days after this that he put into execution a little plot, which he arranged the details of the same evening the above conversation transpired.

Ned had a brother who was a physician, and to whom he confided his plans, and the next day Miss Clara received a note from Ned, saying that, as he was indisposed, he should not be able to come round for a night or two. So several days passed, and Ned was still absent. Clara became alarmed, and one morning she called at Dr. Dresmond's office to inquire concerning her lover. The doctor evaded the points, tried in every way seemingly to avoid answering the young lady's questions, but she insisted upon knowing the state of the case.

"We are not quite sure yet, Miss Bristow, but that we may be able to prevent his being a cripple for life; but there are very frightful symptoms, and it is no use to attempt disguising the truth. I suppose it would be a terrible blow to you, Miss Clara."

"You may be sure it will, doctor," and she left the office in great haste, and it was a week before she received any more information. Then a note worded after this style reached her:

"DEAR CLARA: My brother has, I understand, informed you of my illness. It is as he expected; and, under these circumstances, knowing your feelings on the subject, I release you from your engagement, if you desire; but I have hoped that your love would stand this test, so come and see me immediately after the receipt of this, if you still love me. Yours truly, NED DRESMOND."

It is sufficient to say that Clara never replied to the note or complied with the request contained in it. A portion of this time Cousin Emma was away, but some intelligence reached her of Ned's condition, and she hurried home. He was got up for the occasion, and when Emma was ushered into his presence, there lay the make-believe, bolstered up with pillows, with elaborate dressing-gown, and all the other paraphernalia of an invalid's toilet.

"Why, Ned, you are better, aren't you? I expected to have found you looking ever so much worse. I am so glad you are improving," and Emma kissed him a dozen times.

Ned looked very sorrowful and refused to be comforted.

"I think you haven't heard all, Emma. To be lame all one's life must be horrible, and who will care anything about me then? Every friend I have got will be ashamed of me and shun me."

"Ned Dresmond, you are crazy. I shall love you a thousand times more. But hasn't Clara been to see you since you were ill?"

"No, Emma, she has not, to my great joy. I never desire to see her face again in this world or the next."

Ned looked her in the face when he said this, and could not but observe the change in her expression. The love-light danced in her eyes, and she turned her face away to hide a smile, which was impossible.

"Ah, Emma," said the young scamp, seriously, "now that it is too late, I realize my own heart. It is you I love, my darling cousin, and I am sure it is you I have always loved; and now this horrid lameness comes between us. Oh, this is hard, dearest!"

"Do you mean to say, Ned Dresmond, that you love me and wish me to become your wife?"

"Yes, Emma, darling, but I can't expect it now; and he put on another dubious look, which almost broke her heart."

"You can expect it now, Ned. It would make no difference to me if you never walked another step while you drew breath. I love you, and I am proud of you, let what will come."

Well might Emma have opened her eyes in astonishment and thought her cousin had gone crazy, for off the lounge he came. Pillows were tossed to the four corners of the apartment—blankets thrown after them—and Ned set to dancing like a wild Indian in one of their most celebrated war-dances.

"It was a wicked humbug, darling—to discover who did love me, and I know now. Thank God the knowledge hasn't come too late."

The next day Ned went to his business, and Clara was quite astonished to meet him, as well and handsome as ever, a few days after; but the salutation was only—

"Good-morning, Miss Bristow"—with a knowing smile; and—

"Good morning, sir"—with an air decidedly the reverse of cordial.

Dr. J. DAVY, in a paper, read before the British Association "On the Color of Man," first enumerated the various shades of complexion and the position in which they were found, and then went into the subject of causation. The warmer the climate, the less the difference in the venous and arterial blood. The Esquimaux were neither fair nor dark-brown, but intermediate. The long, continuous solar effect for one-half the year, associated them with the inhabitants of the tropics, whilst their living underground the other half, assimilated them to inhabitants of the fairer countries. He showed that the circumstances of a colder climate favor fairness of the skin. With regard to the Chinese, he ventured the conjecture that their color might be owing to the imperfect development of blood in the bile. The hereditary color might pass in course of time into that distinctive of the climate. Of this he gave a variety of instances; and invited discussion on a subject of no ordinary interest in regard to health and beauty.

SOME years ago the celebrated French chemist Thénard founded a society for helping scientific men or their families in reduced circumstances. The *Société des Secours des Amis des Sciences* numbers two thousand seven hundred members, and during the last nine years it has distributed a sum of one hundred and fifty thousand francs. It is now proposed to give annually a series of lectures, and several eminent professors have volunteered their services. The Empress has given her patronage to the affair, and the lectures are to be delivered by Delany, M. Frémy, Bertrand and Jamin.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

THE great political question before the country is, whether the Constitutional Amendments proposed by Congress, and already accepted by several of the States, shall become part of our fundamental law. The President, although he has, at one time or another, recommended all of them, now opposes their adoption, and demands the immediate admission in Congress of the representatives of the lately rebel States; while Congress insists on the adoption of these Amendments by the several States, as a condition precedent to the admission of their representatives, who must, moreover, be loyal men. The instant Tennessee adopted the Amendments, her senators and representatives took their seats in Congress. We print them in full, hoping they will be carefully considered by our readers, and by those whose votes are to determine the future of our country:

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the following Article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, viz.:

ART. 14.—SEC. 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

SEC. 2. Representatives shall be appointed among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but whenever the right to vote at any election for electors of President or Vice-President, and for the United States representatives in Congress, executive and judicial officers, or the members of the Legislatures thereof, is denied to any male inhabitant of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizen of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

SEC. 3. No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress, or elector of President or Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or civil officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof; but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds in each House, remove such disability.

SEC. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including that incurred in payment of bounties and pensions for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned; and neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"MASTER," said the clown of a circus, "what is the difference between occupation and business?"

"Difference? There is none."

"Oh, yes, there is," said the clown. "I'll give you an instance: Maximilian's taking possession of Mexico is an occupation, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, he hasn't any business there, has he?"

"Do you think I'll get justice done me?"

"I don't think you will," replied the other, "for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hang you."

The fellow that took offense has not yet returned it.

LORD DUNDREARY has just given his opinion with regard to that much-vexed question—marriage with a deceased wife's sister: "I—I think," he says, "marriage with a deceased wife's thither is very proper and very economical, because when a fellow marries his deceased wife's thither, he—he hath only one mother-in-law."

If some men had their limbs broken they would be crippled for life; their bones would be too lazy to knit.

A SCENE IN COURT.

"I call upon you," said the counselor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?"

"Upon what authority?" said the hostler, interrogatively.

"You are to reply, and not repeat the question put to you."

"I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind."

"Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it: Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?"

"The best authority," responded he, gruffly.

"Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?"

"Well, then, if you must have it—"

"Must! I will have it!" vociferated the counselor, interrupting the witness.

"Well, then, if you must add will have it," rejoined the hostler, with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth."

A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

A FAST young nobleman of Vienna, over head in ears and debt, and famous for his success with the fair sex, received recently a perfumed, rose-colored note, whose contents ran:

"Sir, your agreeable face and figure have made such an impression on me, I earnestly desire to make your acquaintance. Come this evening to the Vienna Theatre. I have taken stall No. 78 in the parquette, and I have asked the ticket-seller to keep No. 79 for a gentleman who would ask for it, saying, 'No. 79 for ever.' I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you."

"Eh?"

The dandy dressed himself in a most elegant manner, and as soon as the doors were opened he applied for

"No. 79 for ever," and received it. As the curtain rose, a gentleman came into the theatre and took the seat. As soon as he was at his case he bent over and whispered in the dandy's ear:

"I am a constable; I have been hunting for you these fifteen days gone unsuccessfully. Don't make a scandalous scene here, for I tell you I have the warrant for your arrest in my pocket. If you will be quiet you may hear the opera out."

The fast man started wildly enough for a few moments, and then seeing resistance utterly hopeless, he remained quiet until the end of the opera, when he followed the constable to the debtor's jail.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excommunication," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slender, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folk."

A PREACHER of the Methodist church was traveling in one of the back settlements, and stopped at a cabin, where the old lady received him very kindly.

After setting provisions before him, she began to question him:

"Stranger, where mought you be from?"

"Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky."

"Wall, stranger, hope no offense, but what mought you be doin' up here?"

"Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel."

"John, John!" shouted the old lady, "come rite here this minnit; here's a stranger all the way from Shelby County, Kentucky, a hunting stock, and I'll just bet my life that tangle-haired old black ram, that's been in our lot all last week, is one of his'n."

A LADY, observing the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings," asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price.

"Why, you see, ma'am," he replied, "the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short tails are so tormented by them, they can hardly eat at all."

A LADY once declared that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It absolutely shortens their lives," said she.

"I don't know that," replied a gentleman. "There's my father who smokes every day, and he is now seventy years old."

"Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked, he might have been eighty."

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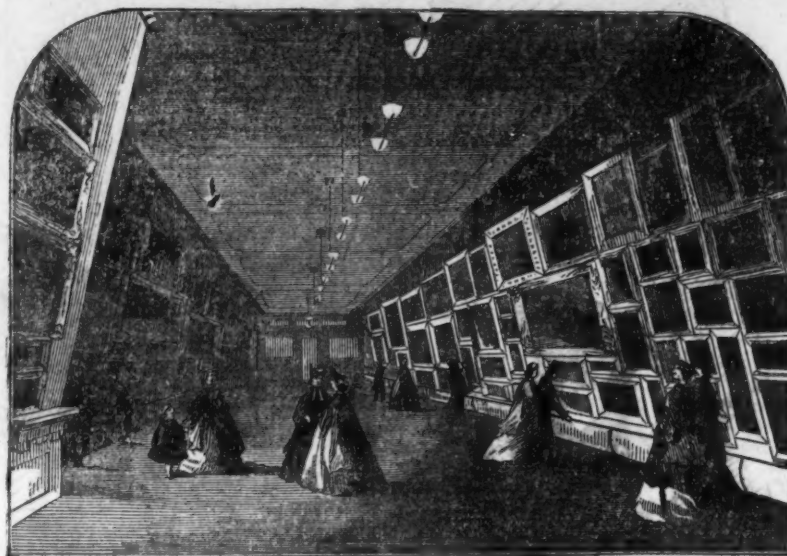
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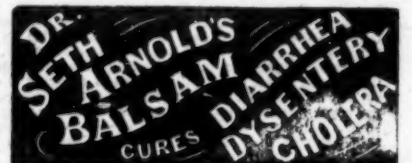
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